



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Breaking in the Kids and the Canoe”
“Documentation of Skaneateles Model #5”

Volume 23 - Number 11

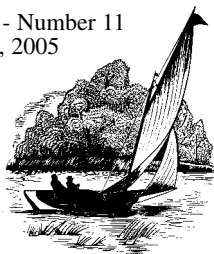
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On the Cover...

The Concept 2 Tourboat underway along the Connecticut River in the summer of 2004, the story is featured in this issue. The 20 year old modular sliding seat oar powered craft, patterned after European multi-seat touring rowboats, was refurbished for this cruise by employees of the Vermont manufacturer of the Concept2 ergometer rowing machines.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In this issue adventurer Reinhard Zollitsch concludes his narrative of his circumnavigation of New England by canoe, begun six years ago and reported over those years on our pages. Also in this issue John Fitzgerald tells us about his trip on a wilderness Maine river by canoe, introducing two boys, ages 7 and 10, to the thrills of adventuring afloat by canoe. Waiting in the wings for an upcoming issue are Dick Winslow's story on his 2004 fall foliage canoe trip on the chain of Chiputneticook Lakes in New Brunswick and Steve Lapey's report on his solo canoe trip in Ontario's Algonquin park in August, an annual adventure for him.

All of these canoe paddlers get way out there somewhere with all they will need for several days minimum onboard their canoes. Reinhard's Verlun Kruger canoe looks and acts like a kayak with its full decking but he paddles it with a single paddle canoe style. It is more suitable for the choices Reinhard has made of where to go adventuring, chiefly ocean coastlines rather than interior rivers or lakes. Dick and Steve paddle wood/canvas canoes.

There has always been something appealing to me about these inland canoeing adventures. I was first exposed to them back in the '80s at the L.L. Bean Canoe Symposium held at a wonderful 100-year-old summer camp in Bridgeton, Maine (it still takes place there each June but no longer with Bean backing). While all the various ways to play in canoes had their proponents there to extol the pleasures of each, it was the adventuring on wild rivers in Maine and Canada that grabbed my imagination. Not the white water, but rather the concept of following the river to where it would lead.

Most persuasive was the Maine husband/wife team of Garrett and Alexandra Conover, who take parties out on Maine and Labrador rivers using wood canvas canoes built by their neighbor Jerry Stelmok. Their typically week-long outings are throwbacks to the guide and sports era, the Conovers bring along complete full size tents, a complete stove, and all the good food one seems to generate tremendous appetite for on such adventuring. Jane and I were almost ready one year to sign on, but as too often happens we never did get around to it.

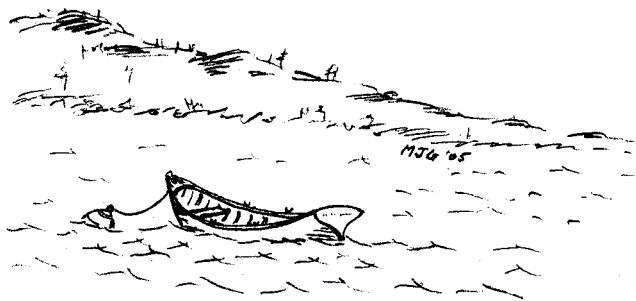
By the time I discovered this aspect of canoeing, I had already been turned onto sea kayaking by Chuck Sutherland in 1984, and what with our living only three miles from

the ocean, kayaking became what we eventually did for paddlesport. Despite this personal commitment to double paddling kayaks, in 1990 I undertook to edit and publish *Wooden Canoe*, the bi-monthly journal of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association and, over the five-year period I did this through 1994, got to know a lot about the wooden canoe enthusiasm, met many interesting people, and attended several of their annual gatherings.

Despite all of this exposure to the charms of canoeing and the people who enjoy it, I never did get hooked enough to do more than an occasional paddle with someone I knew. I did take a half day canoeing course at L.L. Bean's one summer to test my feelings about it and found that I was not enamored of the single paddle method of propulsion, having to switch from side to side in order to keep going straight and having to employ a number of special strokes to control the canoe in various water conditions. I had been spoiled (corrupted, the canoeist might suggest) by my double paddling experience kayaking.

So canoes have been put to one side during the now close to 30 years I have dabbled in small boating, over there with steamboats and mahogany runabouts, both of which strongly appealed to me at one time or another. I knew I'd better stay away from steam what with my mechanical bent and machinist skills. I did acquire a 17' Chris Craft mahogany runabout at one time with the intent of restoring it (it was not a wreck). That was coupled with a 1948 Ford woodie beach wagon I had also acquired for restoration at a time (1985-1994) when I was editing and publishing *Woodie Times*, the journal of the National Woodie Club.

All too much, way too much. The buffet of interesting and appealing ways to mess about in boats was more than I could handle, financially or timewise. I had to let most of the good stuff go by. The one consistent commitment I have been able to sustain is this magazine, 23 years now. Through it I have been able to enjoy vicariously through your stories all these other ways to mess about in boats that I could not undertake myself. Even now, after all these years, as I read a particularly compelling tale of adventuring in small boats, I feel that nudge inside that, hey, maybe I oughta try that. Then I look around at all I have on my plate now and reality intrudes. There'll never be time enough.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Our canoe slid down the Connecticut River, prow high and proud, with a following wind and a bit of current and a broad expanse of northern New England scenic brilliance, the maples aflame with October. We'd camped on an island, cooking our ample breakfast on a meager fire which we'd doused well with a bucket of river before departing. The current was slow but we were in no hurry. Half of canoeing is losing yourself, emptying out all the stupefying facts and responsibilities and refilling the space with perception; flight of black-bird, flow of water, splash of smallmouth, cry of heron, sheen of stone beneath the keel, sigh of zephyr through the forest.

And then, for a moment, nothing save the River. The immediate fact of progress along the water, the result of gravity, the whole of the river dropping down New England, falling from the Connecticut Lakes until it reaches the Sound. And so we, too, had decided to drop, to fall, to tumble from the heights of the Appalachians down to the terminal moraine calling itself Long Island, separated from the entire length of Connecticut shore by a finger of the Atlantic ten miles wide and a day's sail in length. Deep enough for commercial shipping, filthy enough to destroy the oyster fisheries.

But here, between New Hampshire and Vermont, runs its tributary, a rural, strong and beautiful river. The effluent from the paper mills mostly under control, the textile mills gone south a lifetime ago. And today only us, we two, it would seem, and nobody else for miles and miles and miles. About midday the river forked about the head of an island. We chose, unwittingly, the left, the east, the New Hampshire side. The fork became constricted, the water quickened. Just ahead, the river backed and roiled. Boulders abounded.

We beached our boat on a granite ledge which stretched down into the water and walked about to stretch our legs and spy out the course to take us safely through. The drop was insignificant, but the rocks created what's known as standing whitewater, water rebounding against submerged boulders which, when it meets the oncoming flow, creates significant waves. They hold your canoe in one place and fill it with water. Beneath our feet was an epitaph carved in granite: "Upon this site, on such and such a date, did so and so from somewhere lose his life." Deeply graven, done with professional tools, these words had lasted scores of years already. We looked at the words, we looked at the river, we spoke in collected voices.

We decided to carry our baggage below the rapids, which we did. We donned our life jackets, tossed the canoe back in, and jumped aboard. Yes, it was rough and we shipped a good bit of water and scraped some rocks. We dumped the water, retrieved our nice dry gear and were off again. I've since learned that deadly whirlpools form there during Spring spate. Mile after mile, stroke after stroke, we made our way south towards Massachusetts, made our way down to the flat lands, down to the sea. By mid afternoon, we were weary. But the breeze was behind us, pushing us down the River.

Rolled up with our gear was a little nylon ground cloth. Both of us were sailors. My partner folded the ground cloth on a diagonal, banna fashion, then balanced on the forward thwart, stood on the doubled loose corners of the tarpaulin and held the others outstretched. A lateen rig, no less. I tucked the long paddle under my arm and steered by twisting the grip. Off we sped, roaring along at three knots. A couple of times the mast very nearly tumbled into the river. After three quarters of an hour, we spied another island. We furled the sail, the mast sat down with aching arms, and we laughed at our improvisation. We steered for the isle to set about making camp.

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Will Miss Wes and Platt

I've started this letter a dozen times being sure you would understand my feelings. I am writing concerning the loss of a very good friend who shared our love for boats, namely Matthew Weston Farmer, better known as Wes or Westie. We met some 25 years ago or more through business and our common interest became immediately evident. Our fathers had been in the boat business and we were also interested and often swapped tales of our own experiences. My wife and I had been out in his Lyman Islander Harmony on Lake Minnetonka, and he and his wife Marit had sailed with us on Buzzard's Bay in our Herreshoff Dough Dish. We both were readers of your great publication.

Wes was a man of many talents and interests. He loved barbershop quartets and wrote many arrangements. He was an inveterate punster and we were always trying to outdo each other in this field. He loved to write and wrote well. He was forever sending along poems or short stories that had tickled his funny bone or had serious thoughts with which he agreed.

We left on a cruise in February just after Wes had phoned to say that his wife Marit had just gone under the care of Hospice as her cancer was incurable. It didn't look good. We felt frustrated being out of the country, out of touch. Immediately on our return I tried to call Wes and got an answering machine followed by a call from his son-in-law the next day with the bad news. It seems that Marit had died and Wes was grief stricken, as he and Marit were very close. The night before Marit's memorial service Wes had an aneurysm which was fatal. The memorial service the next day ended up celebrating both of their lives. Wes will be missed by many people.

Thanks for the editorial on Platt Montfort, a most unusual individual. Platt was an independent thinker, ahead of his time. He had the foresight to apply his skills to update the ultralight canoe designs of John Rushton, the avid trout fisherman of a hundred years ago in the Adirondacks. His kits were well thought out and complete.

I had the pleasure of building one, the Nimrod 12, a few years back. Total weight was 14lbs, less than our house cat, Sabrina. I had the pleasure of meeting Platt at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show later and he asked for a picture of my Nimrod for his files. I sent him this one showing my daughter out for a spin. To my surprise it ended up on his website as an example of his work. I am glad to see his widow Betty is carrying on the business.



On another topic, the article in the August 15 issue, "My First," by David Simons, brought back memories. I had also built one of the Dedham Kayaks in my youth. In fact, we had been building kayaks using wooden barrel hoops for ribs, covering them with 10oz canvas, then waterproofing with banana oil or clear aircraft dope. The results were extremely lightweight durable boats.

Potter Trainer, Mattapoissett, MA

Rowing on the Thames

I loved the cover on the August 15 issue, takes me back to the two times I went rowing on the Thames, once in a 101-year-old boat and once in a recently made copy, both done by the guy who runs Constables. The first time was a great success, my wife and I rowed from Oxford to Hampton Court (88 miles) in five days. The second time was mostly a failure, my brother-in-law and a friend and I started at Lechlade and rowed downriver against howling gales that they still remember in England. We did make it downriver of Abington, but not by too much.

I was very sorry to hear about Platt. I went up to see him a couple of years ago and he was in iffy shape then. I wish I'd gone up in the last year or so but I had my own dubious health issues. A nice column about him in the August 1 issue. Thanks for that.

Mike Connelly, Brunswick, ME

"Old Days" at Dog Island

Robb White's article on Memorial Day Weekend at Dog Island in the August 15 issue brought back memories of the "old days." Ten or so years ago a number of us used to sail or motor to Dog Island for a Memorial Day rendezvous. We came from St. Marks, Shell Point, Panacea, and a few launched at Carrabelle. We would picnic on the beach, clean up our trash, spend the night on the boats (some went back to Carrabelle), and then go home in the morning.

My wife and I gave the trip up for a number of reasons. When one of those who went reported that there were over 100 boats anchored or beached on Sunday, we knew that this would no longer be a fun event. From the tone of Mr. White's article things have gone downhill since.

Of course, there was a thunderstorm that weekend. There is always a storm on Memorial Day weekend at Dog Island. I came back one time across South Shoal with the wind at 30+ knots, horizontal rain, and close to zero visibility. My Sisu 22 idled at 3 knots so I headed east across the shoal at idle and waited to come out the other side of the storm line. Never did. The turn to the north meant an hour run with stern quartering seas but the visibility picked up to a half-mile or so and the wind died to a manageable 10-15 knots. We were glad when we could see the houses at Shell Point and were able to find the channel to head in to the dock.

It was an interesting boating experience. A friend who stayed anchored at the cove reported that his wind speed indicator blew off at 60 knots and at one point his dinghy was horizontal behind the boat, rolling on its painter.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Low Water on the Ipswich

Our Norumbega WCHA Chapter (eastern Massachusetts) Ipswich River trip, rescheduled from spring, found only John Fitzgerald, Brendan Fitzgerald, and myself taking part. John brought his 1940 Old Town Guide canoe and I brought my two-year-old Peterborough replica for a pleasant journey down the less than mighty Ipswich. Maybe it was the reports of low water that kept others away, but for the most part there was plenty of water for the canoes.

Usually we do the Ipswich earlier in the year when the water levels are much higher. In fact, I can remember several trips where it was hard to determine exactly where the main channel was and we were able to take short cuts across the low areas between the river bends. Not so today. The water was the lowest I have ever seen, which made this a totally different trip than any other.

We had been warned that there would be a few beaver dams to get over. There were five but they were all easy to get over or around. In addition to the beaver dams there were a few downed trees that normally could be passed over but today required a lift-over. When I first paddled the Ipswich, about 16 years ago, there were no signs of beaver activity. In recent years, since the ban on steel traps, the beavers have made an impressive comeback. For each of the dams that we crossed there is a large beaver lodge just upstream and they all looked active.

We did see one beaver along the way. Other wildlife we saw included a white tail deer, several kingfishers and hawks, and at least one great blue heron who kept leading us along the river. There were signs of muskrats along the muddy bankings and there were dozens of painted turtles sunning themselves as we passed by. Brendan was trying to keep track of the turtles but at some point he lost count of the exact number. There were lots of turtles.

Sometimes the Ipswich is crowded with rental canoes on the weekends but on this trip we met only two aluminum canoes from the Foote Bros. livery in Ipswich along with two bright colored kayaks. For all practical purposes we had the river to ourselves. Possibly the cool temperatures in the morning deterred some canoeists. These early fall days are quite often the best days of the year for paddling; our trip was an excellent example of this.

Steve Lapey, Georgetown, MA

Information of Interest...

Painting Aluminum

I think I have the answer to Robert Moffet's problem with painting aluminum, mentioned in the August 15 issue. My first experience with painted aluminum was in WW II. The John Rodgers (DD 574) had an aluminum superstructure to reduce weight. When gun #2 was trained all the way aft and still blasting away, the paint was peeled off the aluminum bridge structure. There was some question whether gun #2 kept firing after it hit the stops just to aggravate the bridge personnel. In true "if it doesn't move, paint it" Navy logic, the bridge was repainted, but the paint didn't stick.

Anyway, today when contemplating this subject I had an expectation that my favorite 100% acrylic latex house paint might be just

the solution. Sure enough, the first two items an Internet search turned up were about repainting aluminum siding. Both Duron, a quality paint manufacturer and Rohm & Haas, the principal supplier of acrylic latex for paints, prescribed 100% acrylic latex house paint for repainting aluminum siding.

Aluminum that hasn't been painted will have to be cleaned first. Use a cleaner such as TSP. Do not use steel wool, the fragments will rust and ruin your paint job. Use a non-metallic scrub pad and rinse thoroughly. Prime with 100% acrylic latex primer and finish with 100% acrylic house paint in your choice of color and gloss. I recommend semigloss. Any wear spots can be retouched without showing, even a few years later.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Mass. Bay Maritime Artisans Series

For a complete listing of this season's Mass. Bay Maritime Artisans Boatbuilding Workshops & Speakers Series, delving into the details of local boat building history, design, and ancillary industries, please visit our website at www.lifesavingmuseum.org or call us at (781) 925-5433.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA

Information Wanted...

Spritsail Research

This is a plea for help from the small boat community. In researching the evolution of the Woods Hole Spritsail, a Cape Cod coastal sailing watercraft that grew from humble workboat beginnings in the 1800s into a champion one-design regatta boat at the turn of century, I have chanced upon references to articles discussing small spritsails that appeared in editions of *The Maine Coast Fisherman* and *The National Fisherman* in the 1950s and 1960s. One such refers to an early article by John Gardner, who subsequently built the first Woods Hole Spritsail reproduction, the *Sandy Ford* of Mystic Seaport, in 1972.

Queries to sources such as the Archives and Collections Society (Canada) and several U.S. maritime museum collections, as well as a thorough global internet search, have not uncovered an archived source of these publications. Does anyone in the readership know of an archived source for either or both of these publications? I would greatly appreciate hearing from them if they do.

Dr. Michael E. McClure, 4 Ontario Ct., Durham, NC 27713, (919) 544-2890, <Dachshund@msn.com>

Opinions...

Sabal Palms and Airboaters

As we look ahead to more hurricane season days, I'm wondering when our "shoe may drop" and feel blessed to not be a resident of Biloxi, Gulfport, or New Orleans, not to mention Bay St. Louis or Pass Christian, places the media haven't yet seen fit to visit post-Katrina.

With so much heartache and misery on everyone's minds this screed might seem frivolous, but I just couldn't let pass the "sabal pine" reference in Patrick Mehr's letter titled "Adios Cedar Key" in the August 15 issue. He may be an authentic Cedar Key vet-

eran, though I suspect one whose tongue is firmly lodged in cheek as he gazes at his Maine scenery, where not a single palm of any species thrives.

Please let me advise readers that the swamp cabbage is made from the heart of the sabal palm, not pine. Paper, lumber, and turpentine are made from pine. The palm is mostly good for its scenic beauty, though its fronds can be used to thatch a pretty decent lean-to, Seminole Indian fashion. And at least one state park, the Myakka River State Park in Manatee and Sarasota counties in Florida, maintains several cabins and lodges built of cabbage palm trunks by Civilian Conservation Corps workers during the 1930s.

Both Robb White (I'm sure) and I remember working waterfronts of the type Mr. Mehr and the Cedar Key airboat operators mourn. If we're to blame anyone for their loss, I suppose it should be the Germans and Japanese whose aggression caused World War II and afterward convinced a lot of war-weary GIs to move to Florida. Land was cheap, the sun was warm, and with DDT and air conditioning, the state was downright livable. Those of us who were here (my family came to Florida in 1850) were happy to sell some land; after all, we already had the high ground and the heart pine wood and we knew enough to know any grass that would be green in the winter would be submerged in the summer. Down here, it's called winter grazin' land. If they wanted to build their ticky-tacky houses there, we'd let 'em.

But rudeness and stupidity are universal human verities and it is simply rude and stupid to drive an airboat, or anything else, for that matter, aggressively. Unfortunately I fear rude drivers like the majority of Floridians today from somewhere else outnumber those of us who know better and, after all, were here first. So, it might not have been a Cedar Key good ol' boy at all, but another transplanted "outlander," just a wannabe native, expressin' hisself.

Allan Norton, Nokomis, FL

Solent Lug Deficiencies

Bolger's article in the August 15 issue about a strap halyard attachment arrangement for the Solent lug underlines the disadvantage of this rig and of Gunter rigs as well. In reefing you must first re-attach the halyard to a higher point on the spar before proceeding to the other steps. By definition, reefing occurs when conditions begin to get risky. In choosing these rigs you have, in essence, traded off ease of mast and spar handling alongside the dock for increased risk at sea. In my opinion it's poor seamanship to make such a trade-off.

The Solent lug rig is especially poor in this regard because the spar is long and heavy. You must basically balance the thing on end in a pitching boat while you re-attach the halyard, thus presenting several opportunities for Murphy to get involved in a big way.

Furthermore, one design criteria for the halyard attachment point is that it allow the spar to lie close to the mast and not stand off a great distance. If you must have such a rig, why not merely have an eye splice in the halyard and slide the loop up the spar? Such an arrangement at least keeps everything captive and eliminates the possibility of halyard loss at sea. You must, of course, have a gap in the sail lacing equal in length to the reef

depth, and chocks shaped to hold the line loop securely.

All of the above are the reasons (plus better sail shape) why, in 1977, I changed my Gunter rigged Drascombe Lugger to a leg o' mutton rig and made a new mast. Slab reefing was used to further simplify the operation, because reefing points along the boom could be tied in at leisure, or not at all. Reefing involved lowering the halyard to a pre-marked point, re-attaching the tack at the quick release shackle and tweaking the out-haul and downhaul. I was sailing San Francisco Bay at the time and 25 knot winds were the rule, so there was plenty of motivation to make reefing safe and simple. In this boat the extra weight aloft of the added mast height made no difference since weight was saved eliminating the yard and a heavy iron saddle fitting.

I think that choice of a rig should always favor seamanship and safety at sea, regardless of convenience in transporting and raising spars. The Gunter and Solent lug rigs just don't make sense to me if reefing is involved in their use.

Thomas Fulk, Anacortes, WA

This Magazine...

What Wonderful Writing

The stories "My First" and "Origin of a Bum Knee" in the August 15 issue, what wonderful writing! Straight from the heart. And "Calm Water Cruising," child please, that just hit my daydream fantasy in the ass with a banjo.

I can't adequately express the reassuring effect your "Commentary" and your overall editorial dense has for me in this world growing increasingly bizarre.

Jim Hansen, Springfield, MO

The Kind of Person

The story by David Simonds, "My First," in the August 15 issue was especially good. He is the kind of person I imagine might read my stories when I am writing them. I hope he has some more to contribute.

Robb White Thomasville, GA

Editor Comments: Again I reiterate that it is the tales from many readers that make the content of the magazine such a pleasure to read. Keep them coming.

A Pleasure to Receive

It's high time that I write again and tell you what a pleasure it is to receive your wonderful publication twice a month. I marveled at the cover photo of the July 1 issue. The picture says it all. Marvelous! What a joy to see so much happy Messing About in such a small area.

Then the cover photo of the June 15 issue of the marine velocipede and the story of its use and the trip out to the Isle of Shoals. What a delightful treat.

Other sailing publications serve hamburger, you know, the continual stories, the pointy end is called the bow, and the blunt end is called the stern, while you, Bob, serve us delightful dishes of delectable caviar with each new issue.

Keep it up, and long may you live so that we can continue to enjoy your wonderful publication, your insights, and your comments.

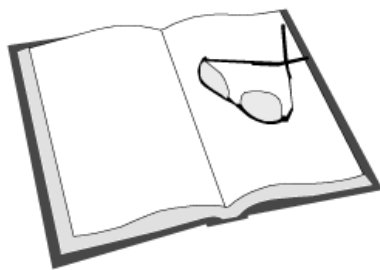
Conbert H. Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

Edward C. Monahan is a Professor of Marine Sciences and Resource Economics at the University of Connecticut, and a Google search of his name brings to light his many scholarly articles on polysyllabic subjects. Unfortunately Monahan, accustomed to writing for a narrow and quantitatively inclined audience, fails to alter his approach for more general readership. His scientific background manifests itself in a meticulous recitation of minutiae, encumbering his memoirs with numbing precision:

"Art Cottrell and I had entered the Men's Masters Doubles event in my Kaschper. Rowing as the Avery Point Barge Club we finished fifth in an adjusted time of 16 minutes, 15.09 seconds. Jack and Ian, rowing Ian's Hudson double, finished in seventh place in this event, which was won by the Norwalk River Rowing Club in the fast time of 14 minutes, 10.73 seconds."

In his preface Monahan declares, "My aim in writing this book was to convey, by means of my own experiences, what it is like to participate in masters rowing." Yet, because his experiences are conveyed as narrative race results, once the reader has located references to friends and acquaintances, interest in *Rowing Retrospections* wanes.

The book is organized by season, so the first chapter is a composite winter (not much rowing, but photos of an ergometer and a snow-covered Quonset hut said to contain boats) and the second chapter a composite spring. Spring is the time of year to acquire more shells, and as Monahan has lots of buddies with lots of storage space he does not scrimp in this regard. Summer and fall are given over to competition and the compression of an athletic career into one annual cycle means that successive editions of the same event are exhaustively reported on the same page.



Book Review

Rowing Retrospections A Personal View of New England Masters Sculling

By Edward C. Monahan

Review by Kinley Gregg

When this reviewer began racing a sliding seat shell in 1990, coincidentally the same year Monahan takes up the sport, much of the attraction was the opportunity, or excuse, to visit new bodies of water. But Monahan, to use a favorite phrase of crew coaches, "keeps his eyes in the boat." He seems to notice nothing save his finish time and age handicap. The sections about Beebe Cove in Mystic, Connecticut, and Long Pond in Ledyard, are pleasant exceptions. On these

bodies of water, where the author practices rather than competes, he observes waterfowl, turtles, even solitary swimmers whom, touchingly, he is loath to leave to their long-distance workouts alone, lingering at his launch site until they are safely ashore.

After noting that he owns a vacant lot on Long Pond, Monahan remarks, "I have to admit that my boathouse project has taken on some of the trappings of a mediaeval quest, but this comes perilously close to the kind of philosophical maundering that I had promised not to tax the reader with."

Please, please please tax the reader with the romantic tale of a boathouse quest rather than another race result unto the one one-hundredth of a second! Indeed, Monahan is at his most charming when he sets aside statistics and reflects.

One Friday afternoon, for example, he leaves his home on Long Island Sound for a weekend race in Maine. Idling at the New Hampshire Turnpike toll plaza, northbound in company with the entire population of Boston, Monahan muses that a private railway car, even with two-thirds its length devoted to shells, would still provide ample accommodation for the boats' crews. More "philosophical maundering" of this sort could elevate *Rowing Retrospections* from a chronicle primarily of private interest to a broadly appealing illumination of an obscure pursuit.

The book itself is attractively designed and flush with photographs, including a selection reproduced in color. But those unfamiliar with the culture of flat-water racing may find the text somewhat jargonish. What's the difference between a four and a quad? A pair and a double? What's a #6 seat? And the reader is left to puzzle out that "master scullers" are merely old, not necessarily accomplished..

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
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The headwaters of the Connecticut River do not give many clues as to its length, beauty, or importance. A few small lakes and beaver dams are the only signs of the beginnings of a river that ultimately runs 410 miles from the New Hampshire/Canada border all the way to Long Island Sound. Along the way the Connecticut River runs past old mill towns, thriving cities, a nuclear power plant, and countless rope swings. Loons, power boats, fishermen, water skiers, bald eagles, and the occasional rower all share this body of water equally, making the river a water lover's melting pot.

Earlier this spring a small group of C2 employees started talking about the possibility of taking a tourboat down the Connecticut River with fellow Concept2ers. The idea of rowing the navigable 330 miles of the river was a bit daunting, but the initial group persevered and soon our conference room walls were covered with maps, schedules, and cryptic descriptions of put-ins, take-outs, portages, and good barbecue rib restaurant locations. By June the whole company was caught up in the process. River guide books started appearing on the lunch room table and conversations centered around tour dates and driving logistics. Our shop area started smelling of marine grade varnish and fresh paint as our 20-year-old tourboat was made new again.

A tourboat is broader and more stable than a racing boat. What makes our tourboat special is its sectional design. It consists of a bow section, a stern section, and four rowing sections that can be added or removed depending on the number of people who wish to row. The sectional design also allows for easier portaging and transportation.

On June 30 we put our refurbished tourboat in the water for the first time proudly flying the C2 flag. The maiden voyage was a great success and after a few more test runs we were ready to begin our journey.

On Thursday, July 15, in Guildhall, Vermont, the Concept 2 Summer Rowing Tour officially began. Over the next nine days 26 employees and family members would row all the way to Long Island Sound. Our assumption that the Connecticut River would start as a narrow, wild stream and gradually become more civilized was proven

C2 Summer Rowing Tour 2004

Reprinted from Concept 2 Rowing Update Fall 2004

Photos by Chris Milliman



Tourboat from a Connecticut River bridge

wrong as the days progressed. We soon discovered that the river was surprisingly variable. Even in Connecticut there were rapids and rural stretches, a haven from the bustle and traffic of the cities. Vermont and New Hampshire had their share of suburban sections. It was not uncommon to find remote, unspoiled parts of the river surrounded on both sides by towns and cities.

Maybe it was the unusual sight of a wooden tourboat in the middle (usually!) of the river, our Concept2 flag, or our rain-soaked faces, but whatever the reason, every-

one we met along the way was wonderful. We were welcomed at boathouses, marinas, and private docks. At every turn we found strangers going out of their way to help us out.

Looking back over the trip we remember sentinel trees lining the river banks, bald eagles soaring overhead, dams, rapids, and portages. Rope swings, wildflowers, and blisters. Lots of blisters! By the end of the trip two things were certain, the tour was a success and next summer would see the C2 flag flying over another rowing adventure.

(Want to see more? Visit www.concept2.com/F04update for more pictures and stories of the trip)

River Song

Queen of New England
400 miles wending,
South from the highlands
Home to the sea.

Place of Long Waters
Indians named you,
Lined with tall birches,
Silver and grey.

The current flows swiftly
When old ways are dying,
Everything changing
Nothing remains.

The Pequots who named you
Have all passed away now,
The white men who claimed you
Will pass in their turn.

Connecticut River
You go a'rolling,
You go a'rolling,
Rolling along.

Everything changing
Nothing remaining,
Only the river
Singing its song.

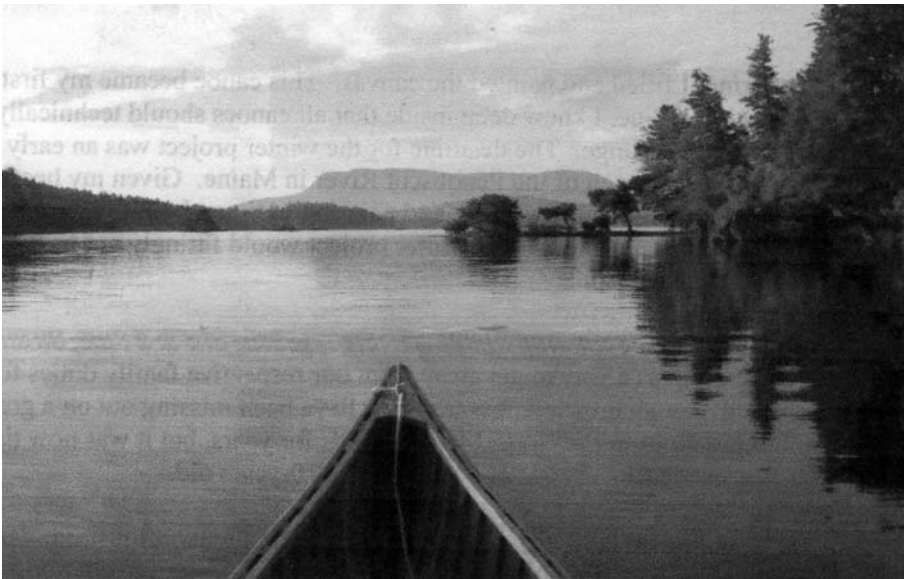
(Written in September of 1986 in Seattle, Washington, by Steve Billingsley who was nostalgic for New England.)

Loading the tourboat onto the trailer for a portage around a dam.



Reassembling the tourboat after a portage.



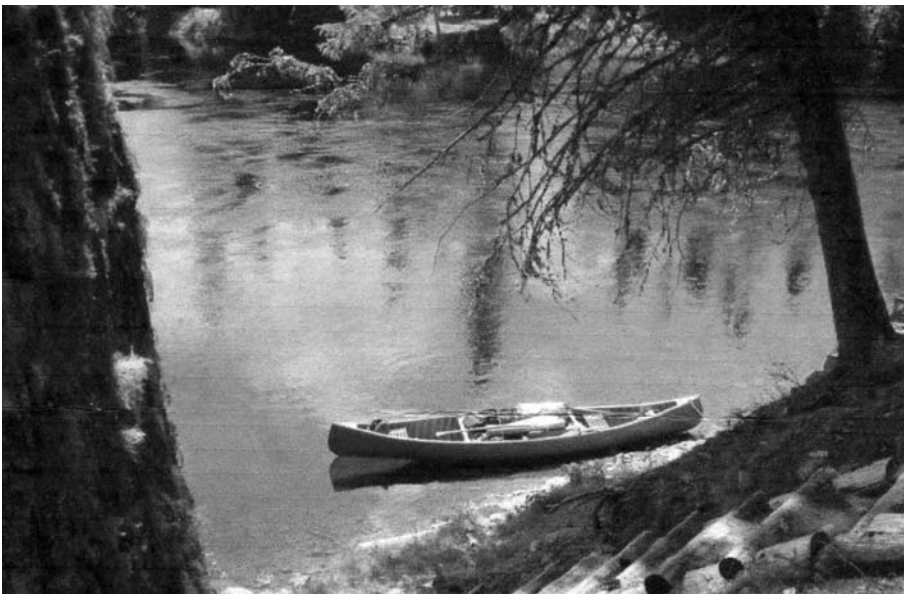


View of Big Spencer from Lobster Lake.



West Branch Penobscot above Ragmuff Stream.

View of loaded Prospector from Big Island South Campsite.



Breaking in the Kids and the Canoe on the West Branch

By John Fitzgerald

Reprinted from the *Norumbega Chapter
WCHA Fall Newsletter*

My winter project was a 1970s vintage, 17' Chestnut Prospector. I bought the canoe several years ago intent on making it into the ultimate tripping canoe. The canoe belonged to the original owner and was in decent shape but it needed a new skin, a couple of ribs, and some new planking at a few impact sites. The owner had used the canoe tripping over the years with his family but he was now considering a move to the "dark side" and wanted to try kayaking.

The Prospector finally managed to reach the leading end of the queue of my project boats. Over the fall and winter I finished stripping the old varnish out of the interior, completed all the necessary repairs, and gave the canoe a new gleaming interior. We canvassed the canoe at a "canvassing party" with other Norumbega Chapter members. Holding a canvassing party is a great way to secure some extra stretching hands, makes a great winter chapter project, and is a fun social event all at the same time.

Over the course of the spring I filled and painted the canvas. This canoe became my first red canoe. Having been raised in Maine I knew deep inside that all canoes should technically be dark green, but it was time for a change. The deadline for the winter project was an early June trip down a portion of the West Branch of the Penobscot River in Maine. Given my hectic schedule it was all I could do to finish the sanding and painting in time. I put the stem bands on only a few days before packing the vehicle. The winter project would fittingly not be re-launched until reaching the Lobster Stream put-in.

A longtime buddy and I have been exploring Maine's rivers together, one at a time, on annual trips. We'd typically use the trip as a way to get away from our respective family duties for a few days, but our sons were old enough now to know that they have been missing out on a great time. They've been car camping with us in the North Maine Woods for years but it was now time to take the boys on their first canoe trip. The kids were 6, 7, and 10 years old.

This year's expedition location was carefully chosen to avoid a strenuous, enthusiasm-damping trip as their first. We selected the section of the West Branch from Lobster Stream north to Umbazooksus Lake. This trip would allow a night on beautiful Lobster Lake, a stretch of river travel with many camping options, and some lake travel on Chesuncook near the end of the trip.

In northern Maine shuttle is half the battle. We spent a good portion of the first day traveling to the North Maine Woods and staging a vehicle at the Umbazooksus Lake take-out. We had rigged both vehicles to carry two canoes; the Prospector and my buddy's 16' Royalex Old Town Camper. We are not known for traveling lightly. The kitchen sink is always stowed somewhere next to the 150lb iron griddle, tripod, and Dutch ovens. At the take-out we loaded my

vehicle with all the kids, canoes, and gear, bottomed my vehicle out in a Maine bottomless puddle, and slowly made our way back to the put-in at Lobster via Caucomgomoc and Ragmuff Roads.

Lobster Stream flows out of Lobster Lake to merge with the West Branch. We padded a mile or more up Lobster Stream to the lake. Lobster Lake is rimmed by Lobster Mountain, the rhyolite peaks of the Spencers, and has magnificent views of the Katahdin granite massif to the east. This was the first week in June but Katahdin still wore a coat of snow at the highest elevations. The ice had only left Lobster Lake a few weeks before. This didn't keep the kids out of the lake as soon as we reached the Ogden North campsite, a fine site with a beach perched on an ancient limestone reef.

As far as we could tell we had Lobster Lake to ourselves. This was the first week in June so perhaps the threat of black flies kept people home. Don't tell anyone, but there is usually a brief window of time in May and even early June to get your trip in bug free. Timing is critical. We fed the boys, did the dishes, and witnessed a stunning Lobster Lake sunset. The next day's itinerary involved about 12 miles of paddling down the famed Penobscot.

The day broke sunny but hazy. After breakfast we packed the boat loads of gear and crossed the lake back to Lobster Stream. Lobster Stream was pretty much a deadwater, but downriver travel was perceptibly easier. Upon reaching the West Branch the pull of the river was immediately apparent. We were able to travel at nearly 4mph without dipping a paddle. There were few rocks in this section, only boils in the water surface and the feeling that we were riding a massive volume of water. The forest lining the corridor passed quickly.

We lunched next to the ruins of a cabin at Moosehorn Stream, the same spot that Thomas Sedgewick Steele camped at with his birch barks and newfangled canvas canoe in the 1880s. We lingered at Ragmuff Falls like Thoreau. The historical aspects of the river didn't impress the kids much. Choruses of, "Are we there yet?" echoed off the tall pines and spruces lining the banks.

The corridor is still wild. We saw muskrats, ravens, beavers, and salmon jumping ahead of our canoes. Saturday morning, while enjoying our coffee ration high above the river at Big Island South campsite, we witnessed a bull moose swimming across the river. The pull of the river had no effect on the course of this massive animal as he made his way directly to the opposite shore.

Big Island divides the river. Swimming in the cold water above the island, you can almost sense individual molecules of water parting and making their way to one side of the island or the other. There is a slight deadwater in the lee of the island at the base of the stairs up to the campsite where we parked the canoes and unloaded them for the evening. The campsite sits well protected among tall pines at the south end of the island.

Saturday morning, along with the coffee, we had some stimulating quickwater below Big Island to start the day. I played in the rips and danced in the waves for about a mile with the Prospector. This was the kid's introduction to whitewater and now I think we have a bunch of junkies. The kids had great fun in the rapids and took their jobs as Rock Lookouts very seriously.

We were looking for more rapids at Pine Stream Falls but the water level had drowned them out. The first other human we met on the trip was a Ranger in a Boston Whaler three miles above Chesuncook. He said the water level was very high and Chesuncook was full to the rim behind Ripogenus Dam, the highest water level observed in some years.

Well, drowned out rapids meant a long section of flatwater beyond Pine Stream to Chesuncook. The Prospector made the flatwater sections easy. The canoe passed its test and is a fine tripping canoe. I had the canoe heavily loaded and it tracked like an arrow, was responsive and maneuverable, and paddled easily. My friend in the heavily loaded Royalex boat couldn't keep pace. Finally he may see the light and end up as a wood and canvas convert yet.

We crossed a flat mile-and-a-half to Gero Island in the middle of Chesuncook Lake. The ledges of gray Seboomook Formation shale were our final campsite of the trip. Did I say there were no bugs? Well, the warm temperatures of the days prior brought the black flies out with a vengeance in the heat and humidity of the last day. We spent as much time in the lake and in the breeze as possible but we were still bit up. What would Mom say when I brought a wounded and scarred son home?

We awoke before dawn to the sounds of distant thunder. The decision was made to break camp and try and beat the weather or risk being stranded like so many other canoe parties of yesteryear on Gero Island. The lake can come up in a matter of minutes and make crossing hazardous. We proceeded north in some light chop and threatening skies. Rays

of sun broke through the heavy clouds and highlighted the edges of the waves in gold as they broke around the canoe.

The take-out is always a hard time for me. I had the urge to keep going north, over the dam at Umbazooksus and up to the famed Mud Pond Carry over to Chamberlain and beyond. Reality hit me like a rock and we packed the vehicle and began the process of returning home. The further reaches of the Maine woods will have to wait.

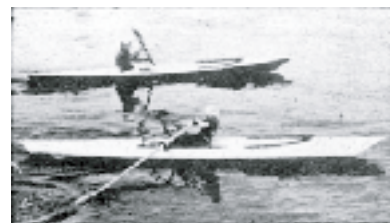
"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

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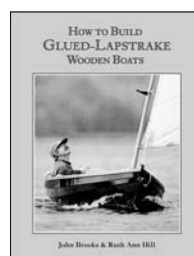
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I guess y'all know we live in the middle of downtown Hurricane City. We have had a lot of them hit all around us down at the coast. I can't remember their names but the last direct hit by a Category 5 (I guess) completely cleaned Dog Island of everything... turned it into a shoal. There is no tree on the island older than 107 years. We are long past due for what the experts call "The Hundred Year Storm." I can't understand what ails the government and insurance companies. I bet anything that there are a lot of insurance companies who would love to change their "coverage" to uncover any structure within 20 miles of the coast from about Texas to Virginia including all of Florida.

I know the state of Florida has some kind of a deal working to force insurance companies to protect all this coastal development that is bringing in so much tax revenue, but I bet the net result is a significant rate increase for everybody. I mean, even the government of Florida can't force Mr. State Farm to lose money. The building of these big deal luxury houses and condominiums on shifting sand is just asking for it. I am not real superstitious but I believe objects of great ostentation standing on the beach fly right straight in the face of whoever is in charge of hurricanes.

It didn't use to be this way. People built little "camps" down at the coast because they knew that they were subject to obliteration at any time from June 'til December and the taking of that risk endeared the little weatherbeaten structures to the people and their insignificance might have appeased the mighty wrath of the gods. There are some shaky little outfits still standing after many, many years and evidence of the complete destruction of some mighty fancy digs is scattered all up and down the coast in the wake of that Dennis who went ashore 100 miles to the west of Dog Island, too.

Which, I have a suggestion for the National Weather Service: Quit naming these damned things all these little cute names like "Dennis." Nobody takes a name like that seriously. Name the son of a bitch "Hitler" or "Typhoid Mary" or something with a little real menace to it. That might alert some that something truly bad is coming and there ain't nothing cute about it.

They missed hell with the prediction for the storm surge of this Dennis and a lot of people refused to leave the coast. I'll give you two examples: One man stayed in his beach house on Alligator Point about ten miles to the east of Dog Island and that infuriated the storm surge god to the point that he gave him an extra 10' on top of a high spring tide and 25' worth of waves built up from about 48 hours of about a 45kt onshore wind. When the incoming seas got to breaking over his hot tub on the deck and bashing in his sliding glass doors on Sunday morning he realized that his code certified structure was not going to be up to the duty and he might 'a-should' a-ought' a evacuated, so he dialed 911 on his cell phone but it was too late.

Fortunately, though more than half the houses on Alligator Point were damaged beyond logical (or legal) repair and a bunch of them are just plain gone, his stood on its skinny legs through the storm and, when things calmed down, the sheriff (there are some long suffering law enforcement "personnel" along this coast) came and waded through the water hole where the road had washed out and tried to get this man out of

Hurricane Dennis

By Robb White

his house but there was nothing at all to do it with. Everything on the ground (and a lot of the ground itself) had been washed across into the bay and here this man was up there 15' in the air and no ladder, no steps, no nothing. I can't remember what kinds of piling shinnying and all went on, but the sheriff finally rescued the man and took him to the hurricane shelter.

There is a little camper park right on the beach in Lanark Village named "Ho Hum Trailer Park." Ho hum is right, too. It has been there ever since I was a child and they don't whoop it up all that much down there. All of those prudent people hooked up and hauled ass days before the storm except for this one old gal in her Winnebago. The sheriff came back a bunch of times and told her she needed to crank up but she said she still had a few more things she needed to do and "not to worry." Yeah, right. Dennis washed that Winnebago sideways through the trailer park and clear across Highway 98 and way up into the woods almost out of sight.

When the road clearing crew came along piling all those refrigerators, mattresses, washing machines, floor lamps, tree limbs, sofas, TVs, microwaves, recliners, barbecue grills, plastic shower enclosures... I'll stop but there was a hair dryer hanging in a very high limb right over the highway and I saw a box fan sitting on top of a whole houseful of wall-to-wall carpet. The fan appeared to be running but I believe it was just the wind. It was like that along US 98 all the way from St. Marks to Apalachicola. I guess two days of strong onshore wind will pile up a lot of water in a shallow bight like Apalachee Bay.

Anyway, the road crew heard this weak little voice crying in the wilderness and found this old gal back there wedged in amongst a bunch of pine trees in her Winnebago waving her arm out a busted window and wailing plaintively so they drove the backhoe back in there and dug her out and took her to the hurricane shelter.

When we got to the coast on the day after the storm we had to circumnavigate a bunch of debris and flooded roads and lawmen looking for looters. You know, with that, I believe I now know exactly how to thin the population of this planet without making a mistake and culling out any worthwhile people with the trash, just declare an open season on looters after major cataclysmic events.

Despite what I just said, I was almost tempted to pick up a bit of debris I saw hanging in the bushes alongside the road. Do you remember how in ads in magazines like *Mechanix Illustrated* you could buy an enormously oversized set of women's drawers for use as a gag or prank? I guess you were supposed to slam a pair in the door of some poor joker's car so they flapped in the wind as he drove down the road.

Well, I saw a pair just like that but Jane wouldn't let me stop. We must not have looked like looters pulling the Rescue Minor through all that trash with the old raggedy Dodge so they let us through. When we got to the little marina where we pay a yearly fee to launch and park it looked as if nothing had happened even though the rest of Carrabelle looked, well, like it had just been through a

hurricane with a 10' storm surge. All over town there were boats sitting on docks and boats sitting on other boats on docks and docks sitting on boats and everything, all up in the yards of condominiums and trash and wreckage washed up all over the place, but our little marina ("Dockside" on Timber Island) was perfectly normal. All the boats were in their slips and the trash had been raked up and the lawn sprinklers were trying to rinse the salt out of the grass and all was well.

The only thing we noticed that gave any hint of a hurricane was that the two dockside fuel tanks were way up in the yard tied to palm trees... and the man who owns the place looked very tired and stiff and sore. He said he had been swimming around all of hurricane day and night making sure that boats stayed tied and centered so that they would come back down between the pilings in their slips and tethering his fuel tanks so they wouldn't spill anything in the water or float off. He also picked up a man's car with the big fork lift he uses to put boats in dry storage and took it to higher ground so it wouldn't get flooded. That just goes to show you what one person can do. The contrast between this man's outfit and all that across the river was startling. I wonder what will happen to boat insurance rates after all these hurricanes and the prediction for how this is just the beginning of maybe ten more years of this?

It was a rough crossing in the Rescue Minor and I believe we might have been the first people to cross to Dog Island. The storm surge hadn't gone down and the tide was very high. We glanced at our little shanty to make sure it was still mostly there and then made a quick trip in the lee (still blowing about 25 or 30 dead onshore) of the island up to the harbor to check on the old Morgan swinging on its chain made up to a 4,000 block of concrete and steel scrap. It has no choice but sink or swim. It was completely unscathed and not a drop of water in the bilge, even though we found out that there had been some 18" of rain on the island. That is a testimony for an old woven roving style fiberglass sailboat. It was very clean, too.

We went home and inspected everything and opened up so the wind could begin to dry the old house out from where three days of rain had blown through all the considerable cracks in the poor little wretched thing. Our house is in one of three "overwash areas" on Dog Island. In storms of consequence the waves on the seaside break over the dunes and wash clear across the island to the bayside. We have been over here when that happened and it is funny looking. It isn't as if the waves break clear across the island. After the waves break on the seaside dunes the water settles down into a sheet of varying depth and runs just like a river. The depth of the water determines what happens.

If it is a little storm (like a tropical storm) all it does is comb out the sea oats a little bit and salt the well. If it is a bigger storm, some of the seaside dunes get eroded some and that sand washes across and settles out on the island. Sand never washes far out into the bayside because, as soon as the flow hits the more or less stationary water of the flats, it slows down and drops all the sand it was carrying the way a river makes a bar and hence a delta where it meets the sea. If it is something like, say, a Category 2 or 3 hurricane, which comes ashore just to the west of

us like Kate and Opal did, there will be significant beach erosion and some of the sea-side dunes will be washed completely across the island to the bayside and the accretion on the lee side will make big lobes of white sand sticking out onto the flats for many feet everywhere the overwash occurred.

The bayside beach will be very steep, almost cliff like, for a little while after a hurricane. The place where the water ran will be completely flat and all vegetation will be buried. That's what happened this time. There is evidence on the island that the storm surge was even higher than Hurricane Kate which came ashore just 60 miles to the west of us as a Category 3 in '85.

That, coupled with the enormous waves coming right from the open sea, wreaked havoc on the whole seaside of the island. Some dunes that were maybe 70 years old are completely gone and the oldest dunes on the island (which are, incidentally, the highest dunes on the Gulf of Mexico) were washed so severely that property that was worth a bunch of money the day before is too narrow to be developed.

A lot of houses went in or were damaged beyond repair. There are septic tanks on the beach everywhere. Because the Nature Conservancy owns all the interior of the island and the road forms the boundary for possible move-backs, and which used to be hundreds of feet from the sea, a lot of people lost all possibility of building again. Because of an article earlier this year in *Money* magazine claiming that Dog Island was the best real estate investment in Florida, there was a mini boom over here and investors bought every piece of land that was for sale. You ought to have seen the parade of Lear Jets flying slowly down the seaside on Monday July 11. I never knew one of those things could fly low and slow like that but they sure smoke under those conditions. I guess some investors were checking out their bottom line.

A bunch of people lost a bunch of money on the seaside of Dog Island on July 10, 2005, but one lucky little outfit in an overwash area gained about 5' of altitude and maybe 30' more bayside yard. Of course, our little shanty is now standing on a perfectly flat plain of pure white sand with the steps going down into it like something Salvador Dali would have painted but it is still mostly all there. I even know the vegetation is still under that sand and in only weeks, the sea oats will come back up and begin to build up the dunes again.

Not only that, but when we went down to the west to see what had happened at the biggest of the overwash areas, we found a whole palm tree, roots and all, floating in the bay. We dragged it home with the Rescue Minor, which tows most excellently... You know what makes a good towboat? You have to make up the towline ahead of the rudder or ahead of the outboard so it will steer. The rudderhead of the Rescue Minor is where we tow from and it probably wouldn't work well on a normal boat but that peculiar Atkin arrangement of the rudder in that tunnel makes it steer about like there was no towline.

Anyway, we dragged the palm tree home and rassed it up into our yard and planted it... Ho, y'all, are we Floridians now or what? Anyway, the big westernmost overwash area is about half a mile of water at high tide now. It remains to be seen if it will

heal itself or continue to deepen as the tide washes through and make a permanent new cut... East Dog Island and West Dog Island might be the new situation. I sort of hope it comes back, not so these islanders can continue to drive the full length of the road on their joy rides holding their hands in a cylindrical formation like they love to do but because the part that washed out is a favorite nesting place for seabirds including the now scarce least terns.

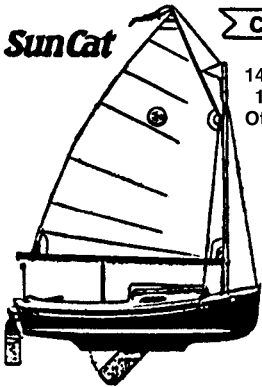
The other overwash area besides the new cut and ours is also a least tern nesting beach and the little birds had vacated it since the vegetation grew back after Opal and they like to lay their eggs directly on bare sand. A hurricane is not all bad... I bet it didn't bother the real Floridians of long ago too much at all. I bet they just cranked their Winnebagos and went to high ground. The least terns were already moved in down there in the brand new clean sand only two days after the storm surge from Dennis went down. The only real non-human tragedy was that we lost ten sea turtle nests. Jane and I lost our Northern Hydraulics (might have been "Horrible Freight") \$65 well pump which was buried under 3' of sand... a submerged pump.

While we were sitting up in our house looking at the sunset and listening to the generator working on the freezer, we saw a great big alligator come moseying down the middle of the island from the west. He sure looked peculiar on all that white sand. He sashayed himself right under our house and slid into the bay right where we had the Rescue Minor anchored in a new little cove we gained from the overwash. I guess he came from Alligator Point. I wonder what he thought?

"I ain't crazy about all this sand," he probably said to himself. "I'm just going to keep on walking and swimming until I find me some weeds." You know, there are plenty of alligators on Alligator Point. When the "discoverers" of America finally quit naming every discovery after some petty potentate or sanctified survivor of the inquisition they used a good bit of logic with the names. Alligator Point for one... Dog Island, too.

You ought to see all the damned dogs over here... need more alligators.

So, I mentioned that we have actually witnessed the overwash of a storm surge under our house. Does that mean that we are reckless with these hurricanes and are liable to inflict some rescuer with a cell phone call? Hell no. I'll play tickledy bender with a tropical storm and, if I can determine to my satisfaction that a Category 2 is going ashore far enough away that my experience says it won't overpower my facilities, I might stay down here, but when I see something down to 936 millibars and a predicted track just west of here, I am long gone. I don't go to any "hurricane shelter" though. I'll be damned if I want to sleep on the gym floor with any woman talking baby talk to a Pomeranian. I come a hundred miles inland... up here to this concrete shop and hive up and listen to National Weather Service on the weather radio. I have noticed that in addition to the artificial German and the adenoidal computerized Midwesterner they now have a bogus California (South Florida... same thing) woman with a sinus infection.



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Looping The Loop - 2

Lake Champlain

New York City-Boston

May/June 2005

By Reinhard Zollitsch

I felt I had reached another major point on my trip. Long Island Sound, or rather the shores along Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, always sounded and felt much more familiar to me. This was New England, and I had seen various points here and there but had never paddled any stretch other than last year's outrigger race between Milford and New Haven, Connecticut. It was going to be a cinch compared to last year's big task of rounding the southern tip of Nova Scotia into the Bay of Fundy, I thought confidently.

And I was right. It seemed tame compared to my usual Atlantic paddling. I found nice overnight spots on Twin Island, in Zieglers Cove, at Stratford Point, the mouth of the Housatonic River, on one of the Thimble Islands, the mouth of the Connecticut River next to the former Katherine Hepburn estate, on Ram Island, and the Harbor of Refuge at Point Judith, Rhode Island. The coastline seemed endless. With the daily haze there was nothing on my right to look at except for two small groups of islands, the Norwalk Islands and the Thimbles. And they were so built up it was pitiable. Even the smallest rock had a house on it, bulging over the granite like a fat beer belly over a tight, descending leather belt. On shore, an endless string of summer homes replaced the scenery usually found along an ocean front. In places it got so bad that there were houses built in front of the old beach houses, but now half on the actual beach and half on stilts in the water. I was absolutely aghast, horrified, speechless. Don't those townships have a building code? Needless to say, I was not happy, no, I was in a foul mood, which I rarely am.

Now and then nature conservancies had secured beach parcels or states had established recreational parks or wildlife preserves where I even found such Floridian birds as white egrets and herons and even swans. But I was getting distinctly tired of seeing nothing but beach houses and listening to the beach noises. And this was only early June. I found myself farther and farther off shore.

At the mouth of the Housatonic River, though, I enjoyed a vintage WWII air show from the Igor Sikorsky airfield just a bit down the beach from me. My site near the breakwaters of the Connecticut River also gave me a great view of all the boats coming and going on a sunny Sunday. Near Mystic River I landed on an island in the thick of fog, perfect cover for me until my departure the next morning because I knew I should not have landed there.

More fog the next day and more distinct tidal rips around the points. Napatree Point got real dicey with the sudden 20-knot southerly running against a strong ebb tide. That day from Mystic River to the Harbor of Refuge at Point Judith turned into another long 7 hour 30 minute day, but I was glad I was in port and in Rhode Island. I had been looking forward to crossing Narragansett Bay for a long time.



Aggressive beach houses in Connecticut.



Sunday at the mouth of the Connecticut River.

Lunch stop with roses near Groton, Connecticut.



Playground of the Rich

My usual morning routine of up at 5am and off by 6:30am had worked fine so far and the flood tide took me nicely the first two hours to my first two crossings to Newport Neck. The shore was rugged again, the open ocean was rolling in, this was more like it! Instead of the strings of beach houses there were only a few but enormous summer homes of the very rich and famous, from the early 1900s it seemed. They were the castles of affluence and always on the most dramatic and surely also most expensive real estate in the New England area. They looked magnificent like elephants but I would not want one for a pet; that is, take care of a summer home like those.

My last big jump was across to Sakonnet Point which has a handful of little islands and ledges off its tip. That point could get very interesting in the fog and in a southerly wind and seas. I lucked out. I had perfect visibility and only a 10-knot southerly. By the way, this was only the second day out of 16 so far that I saw a sunrise. All other mornings were overcast, rainy, or foggy. After rounding the point I holed up in a tiny cove three miles east that had beckoned to me when I first looked at the charts. And it, too, checked out all right. This day I got in at 1:40pm after a very comfortable 6 hour 40 minute paddle. I felt good and very accomplished after today's exposed run of 23.5 miles from Pt. Judith.

Buzzards Bay and the Cape Cod Canal

The scenery had changed yesterday and I felt much better. But early morning fog greeted me again the next morning but eventually burned off when I rounded Gooseberry Neck and entered Buzzards Bay. After seven hours I pulled out at a lovely beach on the NE side of West Island. I now had to think about the Cape Cod Canal since I did not want to paddle all the way around Cape Cod itself.

But getting there the next morning in thick fog, with a strong southwest wind whipping up lots of whitecaps and foam streamers, was not easy. I had to hit the two-mile-long needle point of Stony Point Dike, the entrance to the canal, after a final 2.3-mile crossing in the fog. I had to pay attention and compensate for a lot of factors, not to mention the physical paddling. I felt great when I hit the point head on in very turbulent water in the midst of a group of sport fishing boats. I felt really relieved because I had a date at the canal entrance at today's 13:07 hours high tide.

After Hell Gate the Cape Cod Canal was the second stretch that needed careful preparation. I had read that it has no locks and therefore has a strong tidal flow of up to 5.2 knots swinging with the tidal differences between Cape Cod Bay and Buzzards Bay. For that reason only motorized vessels are allowed to pass through. So I had contacted the Chief Engineer weeks before my trip about getting special permission to paddle through the canal with a favorable tide. It is only seven miles, under two hours for me. I did not foresee any problem. I had paddled around the Gaspé and Nova Scotia and on the Bay of Fundy.

"Sorry, no exceptions," was the answer, as expected. It did not even occur to me to try to sneak through. Their office overlooks the entrance and I even had a radar reflector on my sterndeck. Nat Stone tried to row through



The Cape Cod Canal shuffle.

in 2000 and was unceremoniously towed back out, as you can read in his book, *On the Water*. I had to negotiate a Plan B ahead of time. How about being towed through by a patrol boat or any other motorboat or sailor, if necessary with me being in the towboat? I got a surprising OK, but even that special permission was changed when I arrived there. Instead I was told to get to a little beach on the right of the canal entrance from whence I would be car shuttled with a boat trailer to the breakwater on the other end.

I could not argue with that. I was impressed that they were willing to accommodate me at all. I knew they were trying hard to understand my special 4,000-mile boating quest of rounding the New England states and the Maritimes, but did not want to set a precedent. I accepted thankfully -

THANKS GUYS! - and promised to mention them gratefully in my write-up, like now.

I had hardly finished my VHF call and washed down a granola bar with plenty of stale water when three uniformed guys arrived and we four heaved the boat, loaded as it was, onto the trailer, tied it down, and off we went to the breakwater at the other end of the canal at Sandwich Beach.

Boston Bound

With a sudden blustery 25-knot westerly, I angled my way north until I came to a spectacular, steep, yellow cliff shore (Peaked Cliff), too steep to allow houses to be built on. I pitched my little tent just beyond the break-off line, the slide looked like a big erratic left there by the last Ice Age. I even put my boat behind my tent as a rock catch-

Peaked Cliff overnight.



er, but nothing significant came tumbling down, but the cliff was never silent either.

Having made it past the canal in good time and hearing that Nancy had booked a room in Revere for Sunday night, planning to meet me on Monday, I suddenly wondered whether I could make it to Revere Beach, north of Boston, in two days instead of three. I could join her in the hotel, what a lovely thought. Two long 28-mile days would do it, and it was decided.

I loved skipping Plymouth Harbor completely the next day and instead crossing the extensive bay from Rocky Point to the light-house on Gurnet Point. I decided to wait to revisit this area until 2020, when Plimoth Plantation will celebrate the 400-year anniversary of the Pilgrims' arrival (16 years after the French arrival on St. Croix Island in Maine, by the way).

It was Saturday and it got hot, and the beaches from here on in to Boston were crowded with humanity. The sandspit neck of Duxbury Beach was taken over by pick-ups and mini vans, all backed towards the ocean with open tail gates, like a tail gate party before a football game. There were lots of lounge chairs, coolers, and grills. Only one of the hundred cars had a boat on a roof rack. The adults seemed to be here to eat, lounge, and socialize. The few kids very cautiously tested the water. Nobody was swimming.

Then came a fenced-in wildlife reserve area with lots of warning signs. I hope the plovers and dowitchers can read and decide to nest here, not up or down the beach. Next came the public swimming beach with screeeeeeaming little girls, and maybe also little boys who have picked up that despicable trait, and after that the ubiquitous beach front houses, stacked so tightly that one could hand a dessert plate from one porch to the next.

Another Eviction

I was in a daze and after seven-and-a-half long hours in the boat, finally pulled out at the end of another cliff shore (Fourth Cliff) at the end of a long sandspit island with an old WWII watchtower on it. No house, no fence, no sign, just a few people walking the

beach. I'll take it, and I had a wonderful afternoon and evening. However, at 10pm I was rudely awakened by aggressive dog barking and a voice sternly asking repeatedly, "Do you know where you are?" while flashing a super bright flashlight at my tent.

I was in lala-land and it took me a while to grasp the situation. Was he lost or what was up, I first wondered. "This is Fourth Cliff," I answered, but that was not what he wanted to hear. "This is a military installation and you have to leave - now!" This cannot be, I thought. My official NOAA charts do not mention it, neither does the road map or my Coast Pilot. There was no fence I had leaped over this afternoon, nor were there any "Keep Off" or "No Trespassing" signs I had ignored. It looked like a public beach with a wooden walkway up the cliff to the higher ground. In my groggy, sleepy state I briefly pictured people in uniforms swarming about the old watchtower scanning the horizon for German submarines. I felt like saying that someone better tell the commanding officer that the war was over. We won! But the snarling dog brought me back to reality. Just to make sure, I grabbed my "bear spray" and flashlight and stepped out of my tent to meet my adversary.

In a very sharp, accusatory tone I was told I had set up camp on a military installation which turned out to be a recreational facility for Hanscom Air Force Base in Massachusetts. It took me quite some time to pry this info from the guardian of this beach. So I mused, retired colonels and the like can recreate for free at tax payers' expense at this "Installation" while I could not even pitch my little tent below high tide mark for one night and be gone by sunrise? I pointed out, not having a fence or signs designating this beach as a restricted area, nor having this place listed on the official national charts and maps as a military installation, normally meant he and his superiors did not have a leg to stand on in a court of law.

He and his big black dog did not like that thought at all. Growl! "There is no camping on this beach! I have my orders and I am here to see them carried out, or I'll call the police!"

That was clear enough but I had enough sense and courage to refuse to pack up and get back on the ocean at 10:15pm. That would be an accident waiting to happen and the Coast Guard would not like to see that at all. "What's your name and rank, by the way? I am a university professor doctor from Maine."

I was miffed, as you can see. For only the third time on the entire trip of nearly 4,000 miles (or 160 nights) had I been evicted, each time by an institution; first by the Canadian National Park at Forillon in Quebec (where they threatened to truck me out of the park and dump me at the entrance like a beached whale. Instead, I got back on the water, which got me into serious trouble around Gaspé Point); then at Columbia University at the mouth of the Harlem River in New York City; and now in Massachusetts by the military, on the last night of my trip. Well, the guard finally allowed my boat to stay on the beach, but my tent and I had to move.

I needed sleep badly and did not feel like wasting my time arguing my case with him or the police. So I accepted his offer, but on my terms. I packed up all my gear except for my tent, pad, and sleeping bag and stowed everything back in my boat and hoped it would not be vandalized overnight. I shouldered my shelter bag and trundled along the beach about 100 yards, just off the military property, big whoop. At the steps he suddenly offered to allow me to pitch my tent up on the cliff on his military campground with outhouse and washroom. I agreed tiredly, while inwardly shaking my head about anybody's conviction that rules are rules and that there are no exceptions. A totally alien thought in my life, but I was too tired to push my point any further.

To The Finish

At 6am I was back in the saddle again, without breakfast, because everything was packed. I made it past Scituate to Cohasset where my spirits finally picked up again, seeing a group of Maine-like ledge islands and rocks, gulls, terns, ducks, and cormorants. But I lost it again soon thereafter when I hit "condo land" at the base of Nantasket Beach.

It also got hot (in the 90s), hazy, and humid. It felt more like the Everglades in June. At Nantasket Beach I had distinctly entered the playground of a big city and it was Sunday. I stayed offshore as far as necessary to have my peace, until I rounded Point Allerton and started my Boston Harbor traverse. I hopped across to Georges Island, meeting several fast catamaran ferries full of weekend tourists eager to see Fort Warren.

From there I fetched Gallops Island and had lunch at a black-and-white stone marker across from Deer Island while watching the busy traffic through this narrow main thoroughfare into the inner harbor or out to sea. Two big freighters steamed in, a dredger and a few barges went out, while sport fishing boats, sailors, and even ocean racing power boats were crisscrossing the channel or speeding aimlessly around. This was going to be interesting for me crossing over. It was only a mile, but I knew my wiggle stick with orange flag and my radar reflector were no guarantee for a safe passage.

I timed my crossing well, dug in hard, and made it before the speedsters came back. Paddling up to Revere Beach was long, tiring, and a bit of a letdown. This was not



going to be like my glorious arrivals in Quebec, Matapedia, North Cape, Halifax, or Digby. I was glad I had closed the gap in my almost 4,000-mile circumnavigation, but I was also glad this trip was coming to an end; I was glad I was done.

ETA was 2pm June 12, 2005. Nancy had left Orono this morning to meet me at the same place where she had put me in in 1997 for my trip back to Portland, Maine. But everything had changed at our take-out point. There were now a huge granite breakwater and expensive condos right behind it, the private, no trespassing kind. But she happened to meet one of the managers there who had a hard time believing that any wife would let her husband and father of four kids paddle 500 miles or 20 days on the ocean all by himself and expect him to arrive on time.

It was 1:50pm as they spoke and I rounded the last corner and came into view. "There he is!" Nancy pointed out with a gleeful smile. I could not have hit it much closer. I had gone another 7 hours 41 minutes today. I was hot and spent and very eager to see Nancy and share this trip with her. I was still on autopilot packing up my gear, but then

real scenery with lots of islands, rocks, bays, and bights, in northern climes and with people who have less of a fortress mentality than people in more crowded areas.

But I have to admit, the Hudson River was a wonderful surprise. The 200-mile stretch which I visited was worth the long car shuttle since it has scenery and history and since various groups are making a real effort to accommodate small boaters with legal put-in as well as overnight-spots. I was delighted

to see that our Maine Island Trail idea, with its active volunteer stewardship program, has found some real dedicated friends. There is always still lots to be done but I already saw a great and very significant beginning. Keep up the good work HRWA Greenway, Clearwater, The Riverkeeper, and the many other local and state environmental groups and agencies. You are doing a great job. It really shows. I dip my cap.

Info

Charts: NOAA and small craft charts by MAPTECH (Champlain Canal, Hudson River, East River, Western Long Island Sound, Watch Hill to New Haven, Cape Cod Canal, Cape Cod Bay, Massachusetts Bay, Boston Harbor)

NOAA: U.S. Coast Pilot 2 (Atlantic Coast: Cape Cod, MA to Sandy Hook, NJ)

Hudson River Watertrail Association: The Hudson River Water Trail Guide, 6th Edition, 2003.

See also: <http://www.hrwa.org>

Tamsin Venn: *Sea Kayaking Along the New England Coast*, AMC Books, Boston, MA, 2nd edition, 2004.

NY Barge Canal System: <http://www.canals.stateny.us>

Cape Cod Canal: <http://www.nae.usace.army.mil/recreati/cc/cchome.htm>

Fun Reads on Hudson River and Voyaging

Peter Lourie: *River of Mountains* (canoeing the Hudson from top to bottom), Syracuse Univ. Press, 1995.

Joseph E. Garland: *Lone Voyager* (the Howard Blackburn Story), Touchstone, NY, 1963.

Nathaniel Stone: *On the Water* (rowing Blackburn's "inside loop"), Broadway Books, NY, 2002.

Tristan Jones: *The Incredible Voyage* (sailing from the lowest to the highest bodies of water, Dead Sea to Lake Titicaca), Sheridan House, NY, 1996.

William A. Stowe: *All Together* (his successful quest for Olympic rowing gold in 1964), Universe, Inc., NY, 2005.



The gap is closed at Revere Beach, Boston.

thoroughly enjoyed the amenities of a hotel room in town and a real dinner. Thanks again for all your kind support, true understanding, and trust in my abilities and judgment. I am one lucky dude to have you, Nancy.

Encore

As far as next year is concerned, I have no idea what I could do or would do as an encore. I know for sure that I won't be heading south again. I've had my fill of beach houses, crowded beaches, and cordoned-off nature preserves. The shores of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts may be great for day tripping for you sea kayakers out there, if you can find a legal put-in and take-out spot. They are not made for overnight canoe camping trips. Tamsin Venn, in her recently updated guide book, *Sea Kayaking Along the New England Coast*, agrees. The Norwalk Islands and the Thimbles are about the only worthwhile trip destinations, aside from big Narragansett Bay, of course. I, for my part, prefer more



Equipment

Verlen Kruger 17'2" Sea Wind Kevlar sea canoe with rudder and spray skirt (<http://www.krugercanoes.com>)

Carbon fiber marathon canoe racing paddles by Zaverall (<http://www.zre.com>)

VHF radio telephone with weather stations

Iridium Satellite phone (used for brief outgoing calls only)

West Marine lensatic radar reflector on stern deck

Bicycle wiggle stick (with orange flag on stern deck)

Regular camping gear and canned food; two 2.5gal water tanks, refilled twice

Costs other than put-in and take-out car shuttles: None

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During World War II gasoline, among other necessities like butter, meat, and cigarettes, was strictly rationed. Whatever the other consequences, it made life in Annisquam, Massachusetts, very quiet. That is where I have spent my summers since I was a few days old in the house my great grandfather bought in 1879, it being then already 150 years old.

We bicycled to Gloucester four miles away over some horrid hills and we wobbled back with what we could scavenge with our food stamps. We also bicycled to the village of Annisquam over a long wooden bridge that played a tune as you pedaled over the heavy planks. And then we bicycled to Blood Ledge, Dead Dog, or Halibut Point, deep granite quarries filled with rain and spring water after being abandoned by the Finns who worked them. Because the quarries were otherwise deserted, we swam in the state of nature and drip dried on the hot rocks.

The sea was quiet, too. Lobster and commercial fishing boats had what gasoline was around. Pleasure boats did not. People learned to row and to scull, if you could do it. Sculling was a waterman's talent. When I did it, the oar slipped instantly out of the hollow and usually floated away.

The market in Annisquam, known familiarly and accurately as the Fish Market, was officially Chard and Wilkinson, and fish were delivered to its small dock daily, even tuna, which Mr. Wilkinson cut swiftly apart and sold to any lucky enough to be on hand.

The Silent Summers of World War II

By Alfred Mayor

Tinker mackerel were always on ice, which my mother would split, splash with bourbon, and broil. However that sounds, it was perfection. There were also smelts, still in spasm when landed from the rowboat with six weighted poles manned by an ancient man who anchored 10' from the Fish Market's dock.

All you heard on a still day was the slurp and splash of oars, the arrhythmic squeak of a sculler, and the occasional blast of profanity in the rolling twang unique to Gloucester.

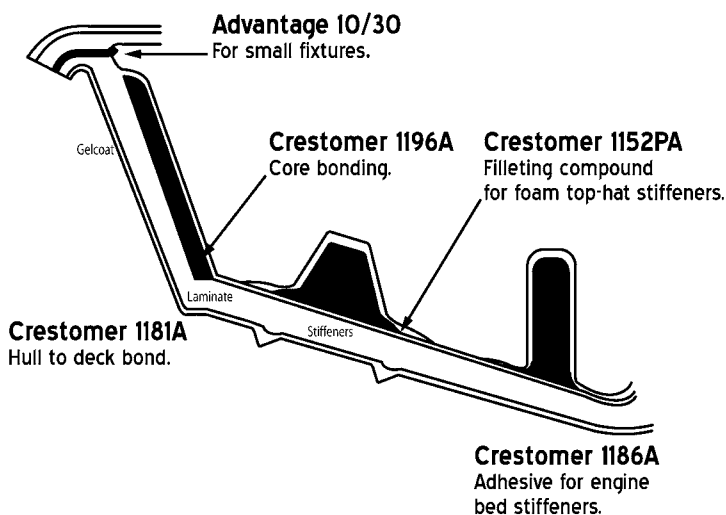
Of course, we too had a rowboat, a beautifully made, cedar planked, flat-bottomed skiff with less than a foot of freeboard. My uncle made it for a small pond in New York State where it no doubt would have been very seaworthy. It was our only boat through all my years of pining for something like an Amesbury skiff, which everyone else had. We rowed perilously across the Annisquam River to the beach, making sure to calculate the angle so that the swift tide helped us along rather than sweeping us into Ipswich Bay.

The beach was deserted and there we swam and combed the beach for the sad

remains the tide had left behind. There would be a single sea boot, a ruined life preserver, and a mystery metal object with numbers and letters stenciled on it. And there was an endless supply of ship's timbers, some mortised for missing tenons, some tarred hull planks, and lesser bits no longer identifiable. We gathered every scrap into the rowboat at Pa's insistence. He had been born in the old house when every penny counted. Fires in the Franklin stove were our only source of heat and our scavenged scraps burned brightly, blue and yellow, smelling of tar and creosote, until the submarines came no more at the end of the war and ships were no longer blasted into fragrant firewood.

There were a few high points during these silent summers. One was a periodic visitor to our tiny beach. He came more often than was good for him, but to my sister and I he was as exotic as Neptune. He was, in fact, a lobsterman who knew the seabed so intimately that his rivals followed him to his pots and dropped their alongside. He was a great success as generations of his family had been before him, but he did have a weakness for a nice refreshing bottle of booze at the end of the day. He worked away at this at anchor before falling into his skiff to scull for home in the cove beyond our house. Often the trip ended as he pulled up on our beach and fell into a deep sleep in his little boat. In the morning we would tiptoe down to the seawall and listen to his peaceful snore.

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In the autumn of 2003 the Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum received as a gift a 15' Bahamian fishing boat. Dale Harvey, a native of Englewood, Florida, one of the folks who inspired the creation of the Maritime Museum, and a boatbuilder of considerable skill in his own right, had sheltered the old boat in a shed in his backyard for several years. Dale knew a good boat when he saw one and his personal goal was always to restore the boat he called *Babe* after his mother. When illness prevented him from moving ahead with those plans, he donated her to the fledgling Museum.

A quick appraisal revealed that the boat's hull was mostly sound with just a few big problems. The keel and garboard planks needed replacement. She needed a new transom and some frames. Many fasteners were corroded below the waterline. Under the critical eye of Roger Allen, Historic Site Manager, and Bob Pitt, the Museum Boat Builder, a dedicated volunteer crew worked to restore her. They completed the work in January, 2005. *Babe* shone with fresh paint, bright white spars, and handmade cleats. Challenge Sail Cloth of Vernon, Connecticut,

The Launch Of *Babe* of Cortez

From *The Key Cruiser*, Newsletter of the Florida Gulf Coast TSCA



Bob Pitt at the helm of *Babe* of Cortez.

The other day I had to get down off the roof of our little coast house because the breathless August day had just gotten too darn hot for my core temperature, but while I was up there I observed two boats doing something peculiar even for the Gulf of Mexico in August. One was following alongside and slightly behind the other in exactly the position of a good dog when you tell him to "heel." The two boats were moving right along, too, but every now and then they would both stop and come side by side and there would be some activity amongst the good sized crews of both vessels and, after about 15 minutes, they would take off again in the same formation.

Both boats were identical... even the same color, sort of a burnt orange to the sides and light fiberglass "whiter shade of pale" on deck. They were ordinary looking high sided deep vee runabouts about 22' long with identical dark colored twin outboard engines of a large size... two cycle from the sound and smoke they made while they were sitting still during the times the boats were idle. Both boats appeared to be brand new and were very shiny. The only difference between them was that during the time they were running, one of them had a man standing on top of the miniature "tee top" that is so popular nowadays. I wondered how he managed to maintain footing up there on the slick fiberglass.

So I came down off the roof and, after I had cooled off with a shot of cold well water in our outside shower, got my knobbles and took a better look at those twin boats and their doings. What I saw was a photo session. I guess the boats belonged to some manufacturer and they were setting up for their advertising campaign. The man on top of one of the boats was the photographer and there was a little stand up there against which he braced his back and to which he tied himself with a little strap. Sometimes he had what looked like a 35mm single lens reflex camera but which could well have been a high class digital job.

After the two boats had stopped and rafted up together (fenders carefully deployed despite the flat, glass calm condi-

tions) he would climb down and swap the still camera for what might have been a big video rig just like TV field crews use. Then he would climb back up there, strap himself in and, after a little scrambling around by the people in the boat, the action would start again. I didn't see the "ACTION" clapboard but it was probably there. I don't know if Steven Spielberg or Opie Taylor was in charge or not, but it was a regular production.

All this was going on so far from our house that I couldn't figure out every single detail well enough to suit my insatiable curiosity, so I carefully unpacked my 20x100 binoculars from their hermetically sealed childproof case. With them I could see what was up with the squirming around in the two boats at the time when they were sitting still. When the two boats stopped, two young women whom I had not noticed before, and who were sitting in a carefully choreographed array on the front of the boat that was the object of the photo session, would climb down into the cockpit and re-do their makeup and rearrange their clothing while the men in charge plugged various wires into computers and video equipment so as to be ready to view the results of the last shoot when the photographer finally finished gingerly climbing down off the roof.

The whole crew of men would huddle in a wad watching this marvel of the photographic art until finally they would reach a consensus and start all over again. Every now and then one of the men would go get the two ornamental females and bring them over to show them something on the screen. I guess he was saying something like, "It would look more sexy if you was to take this little string and shove it," or something like that. Anyway, this business went on for two or three days and gradually most of the ritual became boring to me, but I managed to retain a good bit of interest in the doings of the two female members of the team because there

donated cloth for a new sail. Sailmaker Ray Glover of Sunrise Sails Plus of Palmetto, Florida, built an amazing new sail for the *Babe* to the distinctive large headboard pattern of the Abaco dinghies.

She was re-launched from Coquina Beach on a sparkling day with a fresh wind. All the volunteers had an opportunity to sail in her. Because of her Abacos origin, she was christened with a splash of Bahamian rum. Naturally, the volunteers then drank toasts to her from the same bottle. She has since participated in several messabouts, including Cedar Key, where she has proven to be fast, burdensome, and fun.

Babe is an important addition to the Museum's collection. She is of a class of boats called Bahamas or Abaco dinghies, since the most famous builders were generally located in the Abaco Island chain. The type was used frequently in the fish camps of western Florida through the 1920s.

Florida Gulf Coast TSCA, P.O. Box 100, Cortez, FL 34215, (941) 708-4935, (941) 778-4590, <Roger.Allen@Manateeclerk.com>

Photo Op

By Robb White

was a peculiarity that I couldn't exactly figure out.

This photo session began very early in the morning. Just at sun-up both these boats would come blasting out of the river. I assumed that they were looking for that fine early light that makes any boat look so good (?) on the water. The photographer would scramble up to his perch and the two boats would run around and turn and bank like birds or Blue Angels or something. Sometimes one or more of the men would pose on the stern holding one of the fishing poles that were always arrayed in the rod holders on the tiny roof of the boat that was the object of the photo shoot.

The peculiarity of this early morning "shoot" was that the two women were not in evidence. I guess the point to it was that early morning fishing is for he-men only. That was not interesting to me but about 10:00 or so... time to get off the roof... the chase boat would leave the object boat and run back into Carrabelle and come back with the two women. Since it was not the boat that they had to be in to get their pictures taken, I was puzzled as to why they didn't send the boat the women would wind up in.

But early one morning I noticed both boats stop just outside the river and a man jump in the water. The 20x100s revealed him scrubbing the Carrabelle scum off the waterline of the object boat with a rag and a spray bottle of some kind so I guess they sent the other boat to get the women so they wouldn't have to do that twice.

The transfer operation was very awkward looking. I guess the women wanted to swap boats without assuming any position which would be unbecoming to their garb, but it took a long time of many aborted attempts and a lot of chirping. Maybe they were paying these gals by the posed hour and didn't want them just standing around off camera on the company dime while the he-man part was going on. Or... maybe those two flowers of femininity just didn't like to get up at no 5:00 in the morning. Since I don't have a TV or read fishing or boating magazines I don't reckon I'll ever get to see the results of all that fooling around. Oh well.

Skaneateles Model #5 Row Boat

The following information comes from 1922 and 1930 catalogs found in the Skaneateles Historical Society files:

Name: St. Lawrence Skiff*, or Double End Row Boat.

Maker: Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Company, established 1893, Skaneateles, New York. Located on Jordan Street of the Village, 18 miles southwest of Syracuse, New York, on Route 20 at the head of Skaneateles Lake.

Their Motto: "Builders of Boats That Will Last."

Date of Boat: The boat No. 5186 is the possession of John Wilson of Charlotte, Michigan, and has been in the family since the days of their vacation cottage on Otisco Lake, seven miles east of Skaneateles. So far no company records have been found to give the actual date within the period 1900 to 1930.

Model #5: Made in two versions: 42"x14' and 42"x15'**, both 15" depth. The existing one is the 15' version and cost \$85 in 1930, including oars.

Scantlings: Hull planking 5/16"*** white cedar, copper fastened. Red elm ribs, white oak stem, keel, gunwales, and breast-hooks. Three cypress seats and a circle seat of white cedar in the stem. Galvanized fittings. 7-1/2' spruce, straight blade oars with optional feathering oar locks.

Finish: Marine spar varnish outside and inside above seats. Below seats inside painted buff.

*In its general usage the term skiff applies to any of various types of boats small enough for sailing or rowing by one person. The phrase "a St. Lawrence skiff, or double end row boat" used in these plans comes from the 1922 catalog of The Skaneateles Boat Company. While there is certainly no dispute over the suitability of calling it a double end row boat, the term St. Lawrence skiff today brings to mind a somewhat different type of double end boat. This Model #5 is known locally as a Skaneateles skiff, although similar boats were made in the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River region. As a child growing up with this boat 60 years ago it was unceremoniously called "the row boat."

**This description comes from the company catalog. Boat #5186 has 3/8" planking, instead of the advertised 5/16" and is 14'10-1/2" LOA. The breasthooks are mahogany.

Skaneateles Boat & Canoe Co. and the Model #5

Origins of the company go back to the early 1880s when a boat factory was established under the name of Bowdish & Co. They made rowboats, steam launches, and various sailing craft. This was in the village of Skaneateles, New York, located at the head of one of central New York's finger lakes, long, deep glacial lakes, this one being 22 miles long and two miles wide.

The Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co. was formed in 1893 by two boatbuilders formerly employed by the Bowdish firm. The firm was widely recognized for its building of small craft, as evidenced by a major order from members of the party of the famous yachtsman Sir Thomas Lipton in his 1920 challenge for the America's Cup. An order for 100 boats, sail, canoes, cruisers, and yacht enders, was placed with the lake village industry.

Documentation of Skaneateles Model #5 A St. Lawrence Skiff Or Double End Row Boat

By John Wilson



After the 1929 stock market crash the market base changed. The new emphasis was on one design small sailboats. In addition to rowboats and canoes, they made Stars, Comets, Mowers, Snipes, International Dinghys, Sea Gulls, and Roustabouts. In 1938 the first Lightning was built to a design commissioned from Sparkman and Stephens. During WWII production was shifted to various Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard craft. By 1950 the boat works were a thing of the past.

I recall my father taking me to see the boat works in the late 1940s when I was eight or nine years old. We spent our summers on the adjacent lake to the east, Otisco Lake. We owned a rowboat that was used daily in getting about the lake as our family was not one of the motor boat set. We were proud of our sailboat, canoe, and rowboat. The double ended rowboat with feathering oarlocks and a handsome pair of spoon oars was the only one around our part of the lake. It would take us across the 3/4-mile stretch of water to the village of Amber with a minimum of fuss. With a boat like that, who needed power?

Discovery of Original Boat Lines Floor Boards Don't Lie

("It is impossible to take off too much data," D.W. Dillion, *Boats, A Manual for their Documentation*.)

Taking the lines off a century old boat turned out to be a five-year search. It reads like a script from a TV documentary or a detective mystery where an apparently simple job turned more complex and blind alleys and the search for clues were found along the way.

Otisco Lake is the easternmost of the finger lakes in central New York State. At seven miles long and three-quarters of a mile

wide it is the smallest of the lakes occupying the region's long glacial valleys. My family vacationed at the town of Amber by taking the trolley from Syracuse to the end of the line at Marcellus and hiring a carriage to take them the remaining ten miles. There they built a cottage at the edge of the lake.

In 1904 a new dam was built to increase the size of the lake used as a reservoir for growing cities and for maintaining levels in the Erie Canal. This dam would flood the property on which their cottage was so recently built. So in the winter before closing the sluices, they had the cottage moved to the other side of the lake on the ice.

My grandfather was fortunate that Otisco was near the town of Skaneateles. Boats were built there, good boats, a boat that could row the distance to Amber and back with ease. In fact, it was a trip considerably easier and faster than horse and cart could travel around the head of the lake.

Forty years later, in 1945, this rowboat was still very much in service when I was a boy enjoying summers at the family cottage. I watched my father caulk and paint and waited the few days for the boat to tighten up in the water to be of service again for another year.

I have happy memories of fishing and rowing to Amber for ice cream. There was also the practical, if less environmentally correct, task of sinking the cans and glass. I can still finger the scar in my hand left by a broken jar used as a projectile in a game of sink-the-floating-ship, where the ship was another object better put into the recycling bin today. It was also the boat to accompany me on a swim across the lake, a rite of passage for a boy of ten in my family.

Thirty years later, in 1975, the annual maintenance ritual was no longer able to re-commission the rowboat. It would take more than ordinary skills to keep the planks tight. Also, the will to do so had waned in the boating world of aluminum and fiberglass and outboard motors. When I returned on a visit I was told that the boat was beyond repair and that plans were for making her a flower pot. Top soil and petunias! My home was then in Michigan, 500 miles away. I calculated how the 15' boat weighing 130lbs would car top were I to have proper roof racks. I imposed upon the rest of my clan to set aside their flower pot plans and store the boat one more winter until I could return to take her home. And so a rowboat came to hang from cross bars on the ceiling of my wood shop in Michigan.

Twenty-five years later, in 2000, a new appreciation for the small boat heritage of the past represented on the pages of *WoodenBoat* and the organizational efforts of the Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA) gave me a new vision for this boat of my boyhood. Nostalgia had been the main motivation for saving her as well as the hope that repair was feasible. What I appreciated now was a boat representing a fine example of boatbuilding from an era when the need for good water transport was paramount and craftsmen with the skills to design and fashion unusually good boats found people willing to buy their work. This boat deserved documentation. Nostalgia was replaced by a sense of stewardship.

Inquiries to maritime museums had turned up no remaining plans after the fire of 1930 at the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co. So we made a day for our local Pine Lake

TSCA Chapter to take off lines. My shop was cleared. The boat was set center stage. The members came, gathered data, and one member skilled in drafting summarized the day's work. This was published in *Ash Breeze*, Vol. 22, No. 2, Spring-Summer 2001, pp 9-12.

The problems with this effort were several. We were inexperienced and not ready for the challenge of being accurate scribes. We did not check our work before publication. Most significantly, the boat, now a hundred years old, presented significant changes in shape that needed to be factored into an accurate representation of what she was in her prime.

Fortunately, time was available to rectify these deficiencies. The Skaneateles Model #5 Double End Rowboat deserves a better job of documentation than a day's educational outing of the TSCA chapter could give. Four of us came together to set the record straight.

The first step was to incorporate methods suggested by Walt Simmons in *Lines, Lofting, and Half-Models* to recover accurate points to the inside of the hull at each station. This assured accuracy of the scribe. Important as this was, what we should have done first was to re-examine our assumptions, namely that the hull was symmetrical fore and aft, which is what she looked like, and that changes in shape had not occurred even though she looked fine now. Both assumptions were false. From hindsight I wonder now at how these two assumptions could have persisted in our work so long. It is certainly testimony to the power of an assumption to cloud one's vision. I know now where to make simple measurements to determine symmetry and age change, but earlier on we did not know. Experience provides the knowledge needed to be accurate and experience we did not have.

The first thing to change our view was to accurately examine the keel. This showed that 7/16" of hog (upward curve) existed in the keel. "Changes occurring slowly over a long time and those resulting from poor storage methods are difficult to deal with and require extra thought" (D.W. Dillion and Paul Lipke, et al., *Boats, A Manual for their Documentation*, pp. 58). Boy, isn't that the truth. The history of boat documentation points out that keels are straight or slightly rockered, not hogged. We had one piece of data to restore our lines to original shape.

When a keel hogs, the portion across the bottom flattens out and the turn of the bilge bows out. To recover the shape of the cross section means restoring the proper depth to the keel (eliminating the amount of hog) and pulling in the sagged sides much like a plastic surgeon lifts and tucks the sagging frame of his patients. The process begins with the ability to accurately record data, but equally important is a trained eye to expect changes that happen over time and look for clues to the original shapes.

How is one to know what it should be? Eliminating the hog in our drawings was only the first step. What came to be significant were the floor boards. "Small details offer strong clues" (D.W. Dillion, *Boats*, p. 58). In this boat the floor was a single unit made of five narrow boards attached by five sawn cross cleats. Originally the shape of the floor unit fitted the shape of the hull. We could aid our drawing of the shape of the cross sections by making them fit the contour of the floors. Since floor boards are not sub-

ject to the stress that changes the hull, they are still original. Hence, floor boards don't lie. Small details offer strong clues.

When all this was nearly done, inconsistencies persisted that made me suspect that the hull was not symmetrical. We had marked out the center of the boat and stations at one foot intervals both fore and aft. When a seat prevented lines from being easily recorded aft of the middle, we went forward. Our eye's first glance had led us to make a wrong assumption. True, the height of the sheer made a single easy sweep that was equal in both directions. True, the turn of the planking as they shaped the sides was the same fore and aft. What was not true was the beam. Measurements at each station showed that an inch was added to the beam at aft stations. This made for a finer entry forward and more buoyancy to carry loads aft. This added size was so evenly worked into the boat from an increase in the width of the keel to the 1/2" wider breast hook in the stern that our eye was fooled. What is equally true is that the craftsmen were no fools. The outstanding performance of Model #5 was by design.

Fortunately, time has allowed us to honor the good work of earlier boat builders rather than bury it beneath top soil and petunias or, what is perhaps even less excusable, to gloss over it in presenting a documentation based on poor recording and wrong assumptions. The lines published in *Ash Breeze*, Vol. 22 No. 2 must be ignored, written off as a poor first attempt by well intended enthusiasts.

To return to Dave Dillon's words: "A structure's present shape can be very different from its original shape and there may be little or no evidence that it has changed." Perhaps we can be forgiven our original oversights after all. However, "the boat was built true and fair" and "small details offer strong clues" (p. 58). Floor boards don't lie.

Acknowledgements

I wish to thank Sandy Bryson who caught the spirit of the enterprise originally and sustained it throughout; members of the Pine Lake Chapter of TSCA, especially Bill Lang who drafted the first attempt; Tom Jarosch, Steve Stier, and Sandy Bryson who labored into the late hours after an already

full day to set the record straight; David Bates and the Skaneateles Historical Society for background materials; the John Gardner Memorial Fund Committee, especially Ben Fuller, for their endorsement of the worth of the project with support to distribute the documentation plans; Mason Smith and boat-builders like him familiar with the type for helpful suggestions; and, of course, to those craftsmen of a century ago who gave us the boat to begin with.

Skaneateles Model #5 Double End 15' Rowboat Prices For Plans & CD

Plans show the 15' version of the Skaneateles Model #5 double ended rowboat, also referred to in the catalog as a St. Lawrence Skiff, made by the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co., Skaneateles, New York, between 1900 and 1930.

The plans drawn by John Wilson on four 24"x36" sheets show: #1 Profile and plan views; #2 Half-breadths and heights for 13 stations with full scale drawings of each station; #3 Stem and breasthook plans full scale; and #4 Details of planking, seats, and floorboards full scale. Photographs enhance the drawing at each stage.

The Standard Package of four 24"x36" sheets folded to 9"x12" with eight pages of notes giving history and documentation process is \$40 +\$3 s&h.

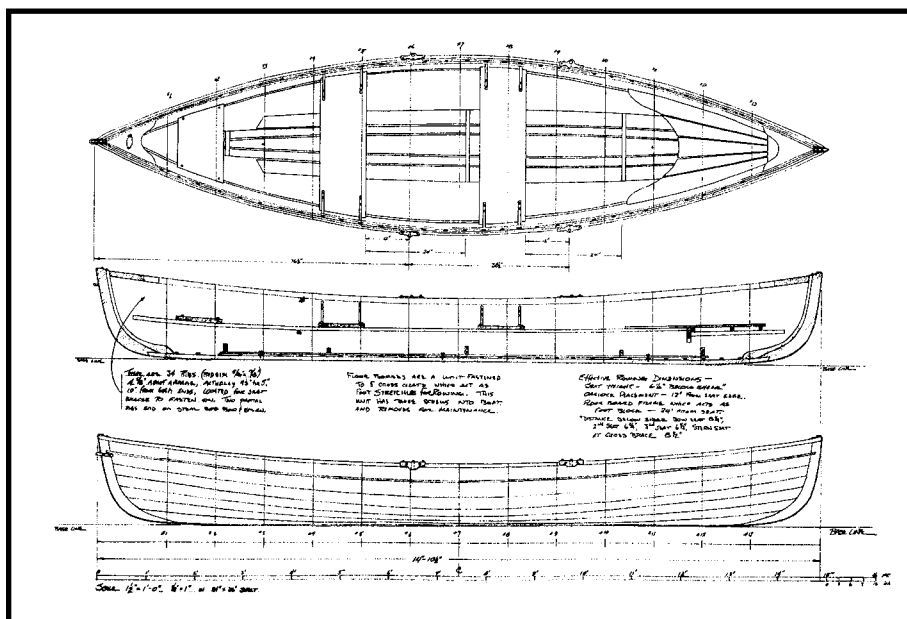
Plans with notes, rolled in mailing tube is \$40 + \$8 s&h.

CD of plans with notes is \$40 + \$3 s&h

Plans (folded), notes, and CD are \$60 + \$3s&h.

Study plans are \$10.

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I brought home another free boat in March that needed to be saved. My previous rescues were a 12-1/2' Viking (*MAIB* April 15, 1999) and a 17' Nylox (*MAIB* December 1, 2002). The Viking was not free (\$200 including trailer) but still needed to be saved. This latest one is a 1960 14' Sea King fiberglass runabout with a 1960 Sea King 35hp outboard. Sea King was a brand sold by Montgomery Ward. There is no builder's ID plate on this boat so I do not know who built it. The motor was manufactured by Gale, which at that time was part of OMC.

When I first looked at the boat it had been sitting outdoors unused for many years. There was about 8" of water in it. I figured this showed that at least there were no holes in the bottom. I pulled the drain plug and then replaced it after the water ran out. A

Another Free Boat

By Craig Wilson

winter storm passed over the boat between then and when I picked it up two days later so there was another 8" of water and a foot of snow in the boat (4,750' elevation in the Sierra Nevada mountains in California). The owner wanted to keep the trailer (which I now realize was the most valuable part of the rig), so we moved it onto my trailer and I took it home.

This boat reconfirms my belief that a fiberglass boat should not be made with an outer hull, an inner lining, and something in between. The inner lining will develop holes

and cracks with use and water will leak into the space between the fiberglass shells and eventually destroy whatever structural part of the boat is there. In this boat it was 1/2" thick wooden boards. Some of the wood has completely disappeared and what is left has the strength of marshmallow. The bottom of the boat flexes like a rubber boat when I work on it. This part of the boat is about 4'x10' and covers most of the inside bottom. I will cut out all of the inner liner and wooden filler and replace them with layers of fiberglass.

The Viking was also made like this and required major rebuilding. The Nylox was a solid fiberglass hull with wooden reinforcement and is very strong and needed no repairs in this area.

The rest of the boat is in pretty good shape. All the deck fittings are still there and not damaged. The boat and motor look like they have never been in salt water. The windshield is missing but that is OK with me, none of my other trailer boats have windshields (three of them, I should stop bringing old boats home). The cable steering system needs only minor adjustments. The motor control cables can be easily replaced. The bow eye is the single bolt through the hull type which will be replaced with a much bigger and stronger one with a much bigger and stronger backing plate inside the hull than the little piece of wood that is there now.

The motor is another story. The lower unit was removed and disassembled with the pieces in the boat in a plastic pail full of water. I think all of the pieces are there except the drive shaft. Does anyone know where I can get a driveshaft for a 1960 Gale 35hp motor, Serial #GG8837A?

The motor looks very similar to older Johnson and Evinrude motors I have had. They are also OMC brands so maybe parts are available. I will clean the rust off the pieces and reassemble the lower unit to see if any other parts need to be replaced. I will probably have to clean out the carburetor. Compression feels okay when I turn over the motor so maybe it can be made to run. Since the boat and motor are the same age and probably have been together since they were new, I would like to see the whole rig working again.

The entire boat is green. I have not decided yet whether to leave it the original color or to repaint it in my usual color scheme of green deck and white hull. Since it is all one color, shaped sort of like an egg (if you use your imagination), and showed up on my lawn three days before Easter, I have been thinking of naming it *Easter Egg*. I don't know when it will be running since I have a two old car restoration projects going. When it is done I will send photos of it afloat once again, another old boat saved.





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I got the new rowboat in the water at last but it is a long way from being done. Back at home I began a few things that needed to be done before I could call it finished. I started with the skeg. I cut a piece of 9mil plywood 5-1/2"x60". I drew a line diagonally the length of this piece, making two wedges that were 1/2" at one end and about 4-1/2" at the other. I then cut along this line.

I mixed a bit of thickened epoxy and buttered up both sides and clamped them together. I had the boat bottom side up and sanded the area where the skeg and all of its tabbing would go. I set the skeg blank on top of this area and drew in a line that would match the curve of the bottom. My belt sander cut down to this line in short time.

Next step I did was to trim the stem end to match the angle of the transom, and then with a plane and sander I rounded up all the edges except the side facing the hull. More thickened epoxy and the skeg got glued down right on the center line. A lot of epoxy squished out and with a gloved finger the surplus became a very neat fillet. The skeg sat there very nicely, but just as a precaution I taped across the bottom and over the skeg with masking tape to make sure that it would stay in place.

The next day I cut some long bias strips and with a minimum of sanding the bias strips got epoxied on, starting with the bottom and working up to the rounded edge. The boat got rolled right side up again and I began fitting the coaming. I started with the sides. I cut some 4mil stuff 4" wide and 3" longer than the opening. I made one pattern cutting notches out of both ends and trimming the ends so the pattern would lay on the deck and extended 1/2" past the opening.

When satisfied with the fit, I rounded the top ends and made three more identical pieces. These all got epoxied into place, two to a side and clamped lightly with a dozen small clamps.

The ends of the coaming I cut from 9mil stuff using my deck template for a pattern.



In My Shop #6

By Mississippi Bob

These got fitted into place using my disc sander for the final fitting. The rear one got trimmed to clear the round hatch that would go into the bulkhead, the forward one got trimmed to clear my butt when I sat in the forward rowing station.

When this was all hard I sanded the bottom edges of the side rails with my belt sander. This surface was rather rough as it had a lot of epoxy drips and four layers of plywood that didn't quite match each other. The upper edge was not a uniform height above the deck but with a new blade my saber saw fixed that real fast. The saw laying on the deck on its side was just about the height that I wanted the coaming to be. I used a piece of thin plywood to protect the finish on the thin deck and slid this under the saw and kept it moving with the saw as I cut off the surplus wood. Perfect. I had the sides just high enough that they were above the ends just enough that I could sand a nice radius on all the top edges.

The outriggers were happening while the coaming went together. I did some experimenting with solid blocks of 2"x6" but I didn't like what I had done so that became firewood. I built a box structure with 9mil plywood and some 3/4" mahogany that came out of a salvage job.

The top surface was almost flush with the coaming on the inner end, then sloped uphill to get some height on the oarlock sockets. The end facing the coaming was long enough that I could drill through both ends and bolt them to the coamings.

Back to the lake for more testing. The new outriggers seemed to work well. They got the oars up out of my lap and there was a small space between the oar ends. A new problem.

I had cut out the centerboard trunk and mast step since the first splash. Now rowing about in Nokomis I realized that the water slopping about in the trunk made a lot of noise. I haven't installed the hatch covers yet. That may quiet things down, if not I may have to cover the bottom of this opening or plug it when I'm rowing.

Talk about noise, the oarlocks squeak. This is enough to drive a canoeist nuts. I couldn't find anyone around the dock area with any kind of lube so I carried the oars back to my truck and stole some oil off the dip stick. Problem solved. I think I'll start keeping a bottle of chain lube in the boat. I use white lightning on my bike, I'll bet it will work here just as well.

Another outing: I got another chance to row with a friend. A lady friend and I met at Nokomis about a week after the last outing and tested the boat with her 120lbs. The boat seems to carry the two of us just fine but the oars are to low for the person in the forward rowing station.

I have to work on this. I also brought along the hatch covers that I had bought and put them into the holes, didn't quiet the slopping noise much. I guess I'll have to work on that, too.



Lots of little clamps holding the coaming side rails.



One of the outriggers bolted to the coaming,

Detail of how the rear coaming fits onto the side coaming.



Designed with easy bends in her planking this boat is light enough to be tossed atop your car. Cheap, too. Yo Ho! is not the best looking boat I have lifted from my drawing board these past 35 years, not by a long shot. But she very successfully incorporates extreme ease of building with very nice water feel.

As my good old friend, Billy Atkin, dean of American motorboat designers, says, "A good small boat is harder to design than a good large boat." So I am happy to relate that an unusually good compromise has been doped out in Yo Ho!

She has enough rocker to row reasonably well, yet not enough to kill her for planing work. She will putt along with a 1-1/2hp Elgin kicker at 7 miles, can use the Evinrude angle shaft 3hp motor, and even takes 7-1/2hp Champions, Johnsons, Scott-Atwaters, or Mercuries. A Yo Ho! was built and the lessons learned are here incorporated for the final release as a perfected design.

A boat for ideal cartop carrying should come within the limits set by the usual 52" car carrier spreaders and should be reasonably flat in sheer to accommodate wide variation in car crowns.

The Yo Ho! experimental model, preliminary to this design, was 12' long by 48" beam, 16" depth. While her water performance fitted the outlined requirements, I felt that her rocker could be flattened a little without interfering with good rowing, that her deadrise could be increased to give a boatier feel, and that a pram type bow with a rounded block stem would take less bending. So our published and final version of Yo Ho! is 1' longer, 13", her beam is 50" over the sheer guard, and her depth has been increased to 18". Another difference incorporated was to put the steering wheel on center. This gimmick is useful with 5hp and over.

She is simplicity itself to build. There is no sly in any of her planks, no twisting bends, in landlubber language, to baffle the neophyte constructor. Anybody who can run a saw, use a plane, and drive screws can do about as good a job as a professional boat-builder.

To get these features we have innovated a bit. Trouble with nearly all plywood designs is that when you have seen one, you've seen them all, construction-wise. But the modeled block schnozzle on Yo Ho!, though not new, is seldom seen these days. And the canted frame forward put in thus to dodge beveling that frame is a new idea, and a very good one. It lets the screws go flat to the face of the plywood planking and square into the frame. Thus, there is no need of "aiming" the screw from outside, hoping you'll end up with most of said screw somewhere in the frame.

Yo Ho! is planked with 1/4" plywood topsides and 3/8" plywood bottom. All plywood, of course, to be exterior type, or marine grade, with no shakes or loose pieces in the edges.

The first thing to construct is the laminated keel. This is of two pieces 14" long of single length white oak, 3/4"x1-1/2" glued on the flat and secured by C clamps and screws while setting. This oak should preferably be air dried. But if kiln dried is all you can get, see that it is clear, no knots. And then, before running it through the planer to size it, put it outdoors in the grass for a couple of nights,

Yo Ho! Plywood Cartopper

By Weston Farmer

(As published in 1954)

returning it to shelter out of the sun daytimes. In a couple of days the dew will have restored enough cellular water to make the oak about the equal of air dried stuff, which is tougher, bends easier, and doesn't check as much.

See that there is about 3" of over-bend in the keel as glued up. It will unbend easily, but trying to get more into it, once set, will be hard.

Then lay down the lines full size. No boatbuilder needs to be told why to do this. Yet the amateur always wants to get right to making the frames, thinking that if he follows the printed dimensions, he'll be in the Promised Land. But confidentially, it just ain't so.

You lay down the lines to correct any errors in scaling the naval architect makes, but more important, you do this laying down to provide yourself with a faired, dovetailed master chart showing the trail-in of all bevels, the size and position of frame gussets, and the like. These are all details that take perhaps a half day's time in a boat this size and will possibly save a week in building.

The lines, as drawn to the offsets, are to the outside of the skin and planking thickness must be subtracted in the amount of 1/4" for the topsides and 3/8" for the bottom. As a matter of reference, since Yo Ho! is a pram with a fine pram bow extended to a bulbous bow by the false piece on her nose, the procedure of building Yo Ho! is exactly like a pram.

The secrets of a good plywood boat are two: a heavy strong frame, and good bevels set in elastic seam compound, such as Kuhl's, obtainable at all marine hardware stores. The frame of Yo Ho!, as you may note from a perusal of the drawings, consists of the following members:

Keel, laminated, two pieces 3/4"x1-1/2"x14".

Chines, one piece single length 1"x2" mahogany. The secret of a good chine in a plywood boat is one of good dimension, preferably a good fastener holder, like mahogany, and one which will swell. I know oak is used a lot and there is nothing better for holding power. But oak doesn't swell much and it takes very sharp tools to get fair facing surfaces.

Frames are of white oak, 7/8"x1-1/2", gusseted at the chine by a piece of 1/4" plywood at each side of the frame, glued, screwed, and preferably filled with a block across the diagonal of the gusset.

The transoms, both bow and stern, are of 3/4" 5-ply plywood. The cheek pieces are of 3/4"x2-1/2" white oak, glued and screwed. The floors, the members which tie the keel ends of the frames together, are of 7/8"x3" oak, wide enough to accommodate the width of the cockpit sole. The sole rests on these floors.

Bolt the frames and floors with two 1/4"x2" galvanized carriage bolts each side of the keel. The floor is gained out to go over the keel. Don't cut the keel. Two small galvanized finishing nails driven from the frame heel into the keel while the boat is bottom up and being framed will locate and hold the frame to the keel while planking. A long screw from the floor into the keel holds the floor.

Along the edge of the cockpit sole, battens are put in between frames after planking. They are held at each end to the frame by a standard tee clip about 1/2" on the face and screwed to the frame and batten. Of course, there is no law against half-gaining the battens through the frame, but I wouldn't. It weakens the frame. The object of the battens is to prevent panting and consequent working of screws.

There is a 3/4"x3" white oak partner running along center on the deck, and to this the plywood decking may be jointed. It is screw-fastened with 3/4" #6 screws spaced about as depicted.

The false stem is a fashion piece made of white pine in laminations. These laminates may be glued with Cascophen or other good glue, held temporarily by brads as the sandwich is made up, but see to it that the nail ends won't be near a cutting edge of your plane or draw knife when you shape the thing up. This fashion piece is glued and screwed to the bow transom, driving the screws into the pine piece from inboard outward.

The skeg is dimensioned as shown and is very necessary if you're doing any rowing while you fish. If you just want a cartop speed pot, leave it off.

The knees, inwales, seat risers, thwart, and seats are all clearly drawn and need nothing but reference to the drawings to enable any craftsman to understand them.

The sole is of 3/8" plywood and, as shown, has a removable panel, the better to bail from. Too many of the kits on the market are never thoroughly tried out by their perpetrators. And getting a boat dry under a fixed sole flat can never be done. We've got that fixed here!

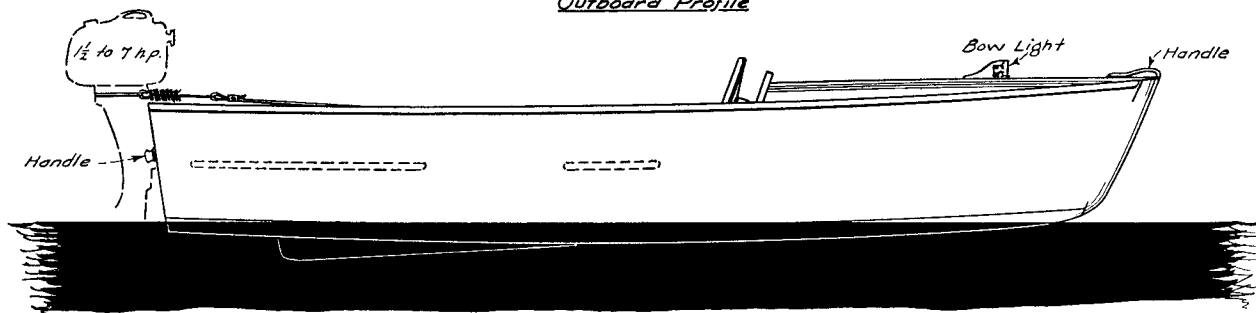
Prime the plywood with Firzite, about two coats, before applying the best marine finish obtainable. I would paint the interior green, the outboard portions white, and leave the sheer guards, the thwart, and seats bright varnished. This is yachtlike and Bristol fashion.

Yo Ho! will weigh something in excess of 100lbs, depending upon how neat to dimension you have worked. This makes easy cartop stowage. In that department she is fine. But do not expect too much of a little boat like this. On a boat you tote on top of an auto you can't get everything. But if you understand boat, know what a good little rowing boat can be, and use horse sense in conjunction with a motor, you'll find her delightful. She will not trim exactly as shown in the outboard profile as the motor was drawn in after the initial drawing was made. But she will float to that line when first launched and you'll know enough to trim her so she rides well.

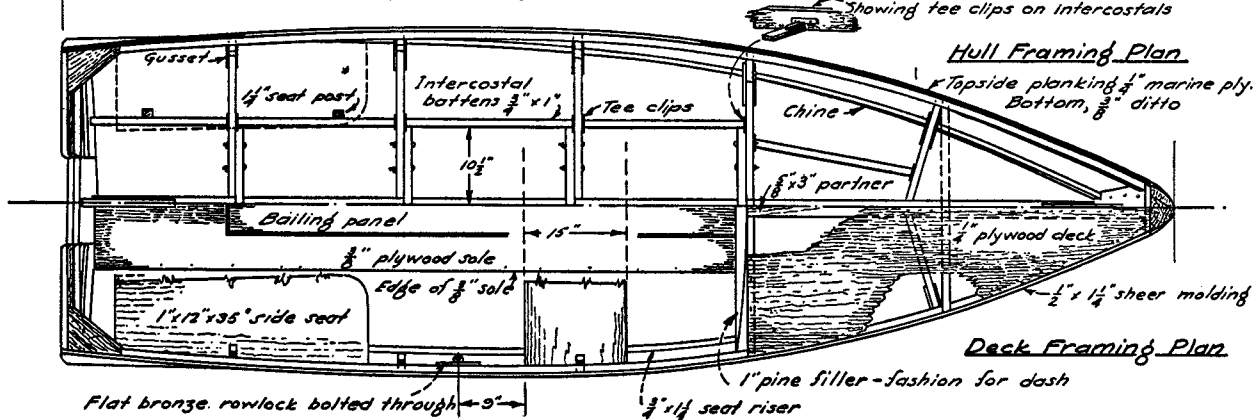
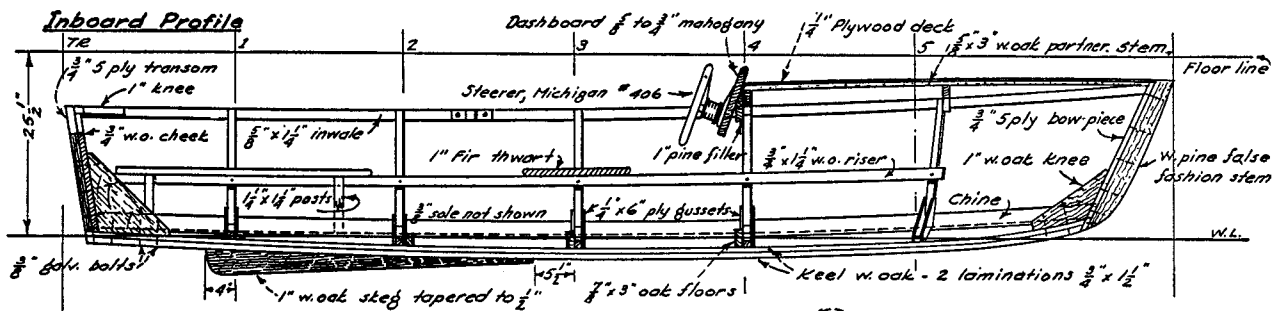
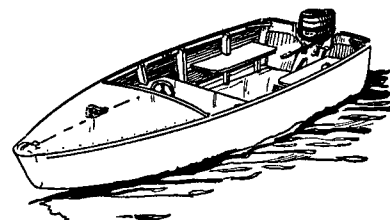
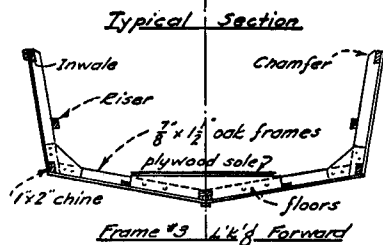
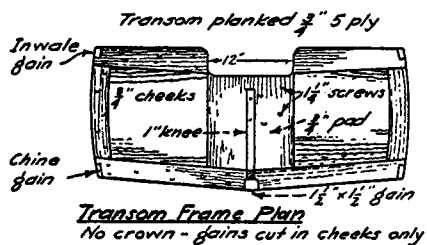
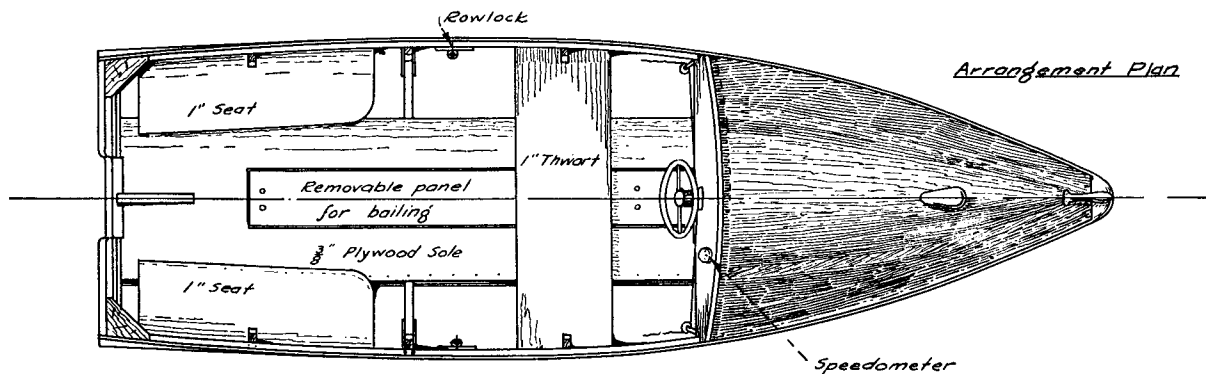
As to cost, \$40 will buy everything, I am sure, unless larceny has set into the hearts of the local pirates. Boats are funny, you can spend twice as much on one identical twin and few people can tell the difference when the jobs are done.

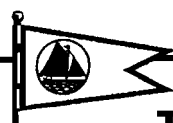
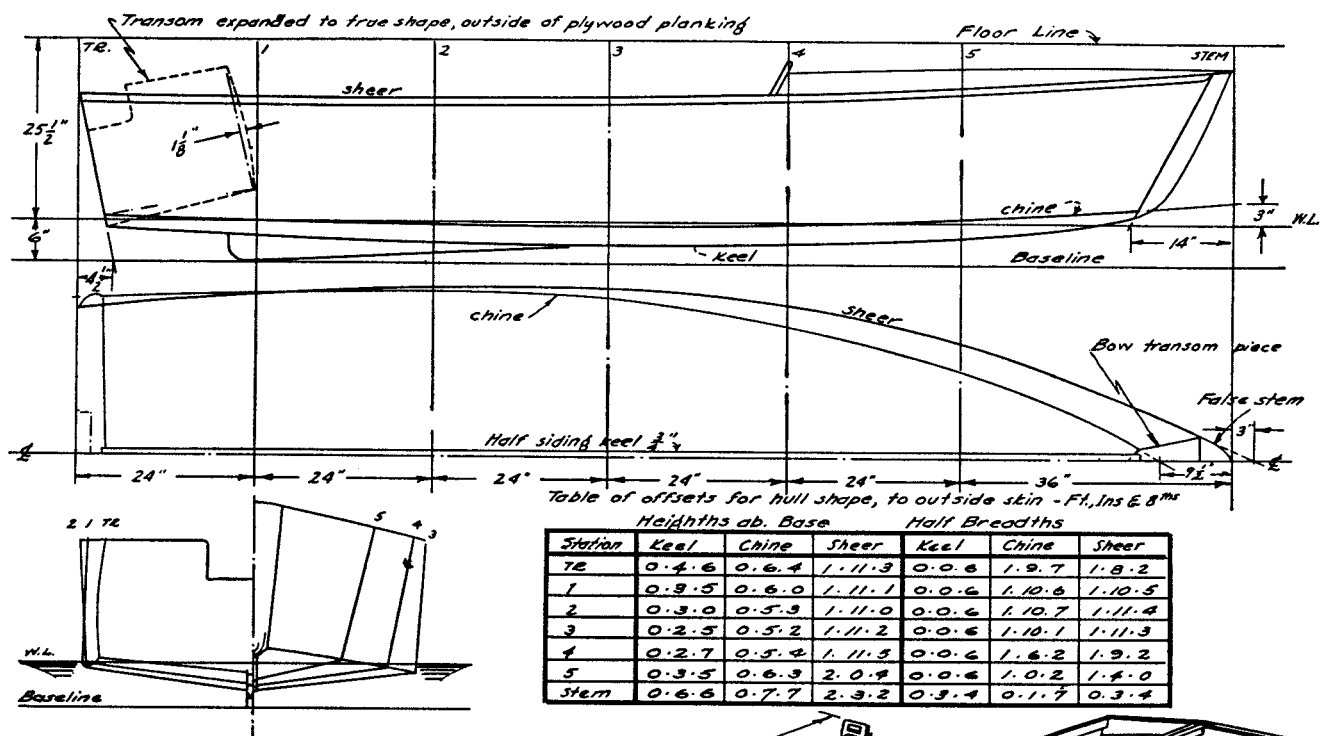
YO HO!

Outboard Profile



Arrangement Plan





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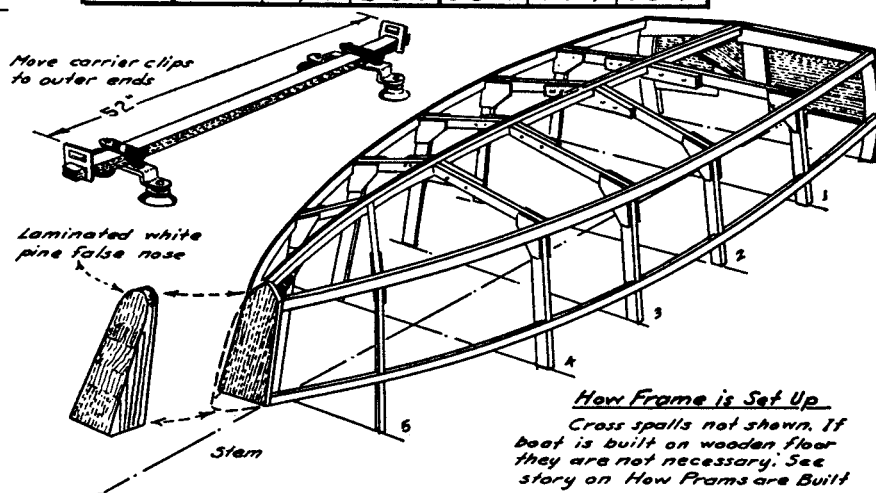
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To get a perfect rowing stroke the oar can't have too much forward pitch or it will dive. If it has too much rearward pitch the oar won't lock on the water, either way the oar and boat performance suffer. For the oar to be most efficient it should be held at a 6 degree pitch. The way to achieve this pitch is with flat forward bearing surface oarlocks and "D" shaped oars with flat sided sleeves.

Racing oars and oarlocks have always had controlled pitch for maximum performance. Occasionally rowers with more traditional boats have adopted the technology but it wasn't a pretty sight. Now we have a better solution, 6 degree pitch "424" manganese bronze oarlocks that will fit into standard 1/2" oarlocks.

The Douglas Oarlock was designed by boat designer Doug Martin (Alden Ocean Shells, now Echo Rowing Shells) to produce perfect 6 degree pitch and to be beautiful.

Traditional oars usually have a choice of two shaft shapes where they fit into the oarlock, round or "D" shaped. The "D" shaped oar can be used with no modification other than fitting a plastic sleeve to protect the shaft of the oar from wear and the addition of buttons to hold the oar at its proper extension. Round oars of 1-3/4" diameter can be equipped with flat sided sleeves and buttons to achieve that flat stroking surface for 6 degree pitch.

I now have acquired the rights to this Douglas Oarlock, originally designed for the Alden Oarmaster rig, and have had them cast by the Norell Foundry in Franklin, New

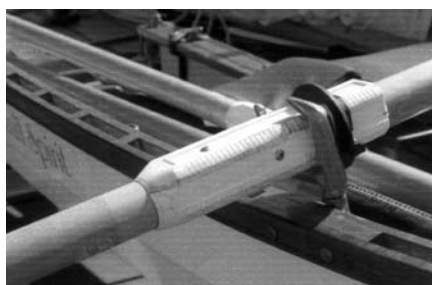
Achieving the Perfect Rowing Stroke

By Bill Graham



Hampshire. Interested rowers are welcome to inquire for further information.

Bill Graham, Rowing Sport, 7 Ward St., Ipswich, MA 01938, (978) 356-3623, <sales@rowingsport.com>



As rowers, we have only a minimal amount of horsepower available so it makes sense to make efficient use of our strength if we are rowing any significant distance. One way to reduce the effort of rowing is to reduce the pressure that is applied to the oar handle when lifting the oar from the water on the recovery stroke. This is easily accomplished by improving the balance of the oar. Minimizing the weight of the blade and the shaft outboard of the oarlock should be the first step in balancing an oar.

Boats that are used in surf or whitewater need all the strength they can get and are not good candidates for minimal weight. Around Puget Sound, I'd wager that most of us are rowing in more benign circumstances and we'll benefit from a more refined oar. Even the premium quality oars generally have more wood in the blade and shaft than is required or desirable. Armed with a block plane, scraper, and spokeshave, I have taken 0.8lbs off the blade and outboard shaft of a nice 8', 4lb spruce spoon oar and haven't been able to break it yet.

Once an oar has enough strength to be reasonably durable and long-lived, there is no point in allowing excess weight outboard of the oarlock. Remember that removing weight at the outboard end of the blade has the greatest effect. Once the outboard portion of the oar is as light as reasonable, adding weight as far inboard as practical will serve to counterbalance the oar. Some oars have square cross sections inboard of the oarlock to partially balance the oar. In lightweight softwoods such as spruce, adding lead weights to the oar grip is more effective. Although I have seen oars with weights fastened externally to the end of the grips, this would seem to be a nuisance with the lead marring any surface it touches as well as

Some Thoughts About Balancing Oars

By Tom Regan, from *TSCA Puget Sound*, Newsletter of the Puget Sound Chapter TSCA

being a health concern. It would also preclude rowing with the thumbs over the end of the grips, which is comfortable when feathering oars.

I prefer to cast the lead into a 3/4" cylinder about 1-1/2" long. I bore a 3/4" hole 3-1/2" deep into the end of the grip (carefully!) and slide in two lead cylinders. A glued spruce bung then covers the lead weights. I have found that this provides 9oz to 10oz, adequate for 7-1/2' to 8' oars. Remember that the weight of the rower's arm is part of the balancing equation and it is best not to fully balance an oar, particularly if the oar will be feathered in strong winds or used by other, heavier rowers. I typically weight an oar to balance 10" or less outboard of the oarlock. The oar will be slightly heavier than before the balancing modification, but the weight is borne by the oarlock (except when carrying!) so the additional weight is of little concern.

The inertia of the oar will be lessened since the weight has been moved much closer to the oarlock. As a result, the oar feels much lighter in use, the action of the oar in the water is more easily felt, the oar is quicker to respond to the rower, and there is less effort expended at each recovery stroke.

Balancing oars is nothing new, I have seen them on plans for a Delaware Ducker from the 1880s. It just seems that since the advent of the outboard motor, some of the

finer points of rowing and rowboat design have faded away. If you are rowing in reasonably protected waters, I suggest you spend an afternoon or two modifying your oars to put the weight where it belongs. I'm sure you will wish you had long ago.

(Tom Regan is the founder of Grapeview Point Boat Works in Allyn, WA)



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Belt pack inflatable life jackets are the hippest new thing in boating safety, giving boaters a cutting edge option for staying out of harm's way while on the water. Compact and clever, these life jackets will charm the topsiders off the boater who's got to have the absolute latest in boating gear, while their safety side will pique the curiosity of even the most stoic mariner.

Just like that adorable puppy in the pet store window that catches your eye, belt packs will steal your affection. But are these diminutive little PFDs really as lovable and loyal as they look? We set out to find everything there was to know about these new models. In this issue, Part I of our two-part article, we'll tell you all about the care and feeding of your belt pack inflatable. In Part II we'll take our testing to the water and tell you how it feels to wear one in real life conditions.

The Latest Litter

In order to check out the latest in belt pack technology, we scoured boat store shelves and the Internet for U.S. Coast Guard approved inflatable belt pack models. We came up with seven, including two from SoSpenders, three from Stearns, one from Mustang, and one from SeaPro. For this article we created a shorthand name for each unit that includes the manufacturer name and cylinder size (for instance, the Stearns Inflatable Max Manual Belt Pack is simply the Stearns 25).

Talk about evolving technology. After conducting these tests last fall, we learned almost immediately that two readily available models were being discontinued and new versions were already on the way but not yet available for testing. With new models rapidly hitting the market, we decided to focus this article on qualities to look for in a belt pack rather than the best or worst models.

A Walk Around the Park

With seven models in hand, we started our three-tiered test. We began with a repacking exercise for four boaters who were interested in, but not knowledgeable about, belt packs. In a quiet room, one by one, they were given a fully inflated jacket and were asked to read each unit's instructions for three minutes.

To simulate conditions out on a boat, they read only the instructions attached to the jacket, not the entire user's manual. Each of the testers repacked the jackets in a different order to ensure fairness. Each tester deflated their jacket, rearmed it with a C02 cartridge, and repacked it into the pouch while a knowledgeable staff member observed.

How Much is That Belt Pack in the Window?

Testers Take Seven Belt Pack Inflatables for a Walk in the Park

By Joni Sralla Turken

Reprinted from the *USCG Boating Safety Circular #84*, July 2004

Originally published by the BoatU.S. Foundation in *BoatUS Magazine*, January 2004

Submitted by Bob Whittier

Finally, at the end of repacking, each tester put the unit around their waist, imagined they were jumping into stormy seas, then pulled the jerk cord and hoped for the best.

We were curious about the quality of the instructions and were eager to know if regular boaters could master rearming and repacking. We also wanted to address an unanticipated piece of information we ran across, that a large majority of people we talked to, experienced boaters and staff members included, had never inflated their own inflatable life jackets. Surprised? So were we, but more on that later.

Paper Training

Our testers found little uniformity with the instructions, even among jackets from the same manufacturer. Across the board, instructions with pictures were a favorite. In particular, the SoSpenders 16 and 38 models had simple and clear pictograms, however, the testers were disappointed when the pictures did not exactly match the way the units looked when folded. On all but one jacket, the Mustang 33, the rearming instructions were placed separately from the repacking instructions, which was difficult to follow. In addition to having written instructions, the Mustang 33 and Stearns Auto 33 got high marks for the dotted lines right on the life jacket bladder that said "Fold here."

Because of the nearly ubiquitous small print and poor organization of the attached directions, we concluded that a belt pack owner's first experience with the instructions should definitely be in a stable, well-lit room at home rather than a rolling galley table midway through a cruise.

Obedience Issues

Our testers spent anywhere from five to 25 minutes repacking and rearming the jackets. By far, most frustrating for testers was simply trying to squeeze every hint of air out of the bladder before attempting to get it back into its pouch. Most models were intricately folded and required fastidious attention to the instructions.

Rearming the jacket with C02, which would seem to be the most difficult part, actually proved to be the easiest. All testers successfully rearmed each jacket, though in two of our 28 repackings the lever attached to the jerk cord was not set correctly and accidentally pierced the cylinder, instantly inflating the jacket.

One reason the testers were so successful in rearming could be the relative consistency of rearming mechanisms. On all inflatable life jackets, to show if a jacket is ready to inflate, a red and green color coding system is in place. Essentially red means stop and green means go. To show this, almost all

models require you to install a green plastic "pin" into part of the lever arm during rearming. About the size of an earring, this pin is easy to lose or break. The pin comes with the C02 cylinder as part of your jacket's specific "rearming kit."

On most models, the rearming mechanism is hidden inside the belt pack. However, we loved the extra safety of the SoSpenders 16 and Stearns 16 models in which a clear plastic window showed the cylinder and consequently the green pin that indicates the unit is ready. The SeaPro 25 went further by having the cylinder assembly on the outside of the pack for excellent viewing, but we felt uncomfortable about it being exposed where the cord could accidentally get caught on something. Another great safety feature of this model is its rearming mechanism that shows readiness by green automatically appearing in a small window (as opposed to remembering to insert the pin) when you screw the cylinder in all the way.

When it came time to take that deep breath and imagine going overboard, all our testers' life jackets inflated when the jerk cord was pulled except one. In this case, the tester had run out of patience while repacking the SoSpenders 38 and had simply forced the bladder into the pouch. After it failed to inflate during testing, she freed the bladder from the pouch manually and the jerk cord worked fine.

Old Dog, New Tricks?

After going through the rearming and repacking exercise, several testers commented that wearing an inflatable belt pack without going through this process or supplying one to an unknowing guest was just plain dumb. And you know what? We did feel dumb, since many of us had to admit we had never actually inflated our own life jackets. Gulp.

Why hadn't we inflated our jackets? The main reason, we decided, was the high cost of C02 cylinders. We concluded that the cost of testing the unit, at least once, should be factored into the cost of owning the jacket. In lieu of that, remember that every jacket can be inflated orally either to test the jacket onshore or to inflate it in an emergency.

A Big Commitment

Having the coolest, most current technology will get you nowhere if you don't understand the animal you've brought home. To become a good owner, we cannot stress enough that you must spend time reading the user's manual. Then practice rearming and repacking. You'll feel better wearing the belt pack if you understand how it works. Additionally, we strongly suggest you buy a couple of spare rearming kits when you purchase the unit.

For those up to the Commitment, we found belt packs offer an economic, easy-to-wear life jacket for cruising, sailing, kayaking, or dinghying around in warmer inland waters. A belt pack can be a perfect transition into safer boating, especially for the boater who simply isn't in the habit of wearing a life jacket.

For even more information on our two-part Foundation Findings on belt pack inflatables, please visit www.BoatUS.com/foundation.

(The BoatU.S. Foundation is a national nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization primarily supported by donations from individuals and grants).

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Model	SoSpenders 16 Gram Scout Belt Pack	Stearns Multipurpose Inflatable-Lite Manual	Sea Pro Marine Swimmer Safety Belt	Stearns Inflatable Max Manual Belt Pack +	Mustang Survival Airforce Inflatable Pouch PCF	Stearns Inflata-belt Max Automatic/ Manual Belt Pack	SoSpenders World Class Belt Pack +
Shorthand Name	SoSpenders 16	Stearns 16	Sea Pro 25	Stearns 25	Mustang 33	Stearns Auto 33	SoSpenders 38
Cylinder Gram Weight	16 Grams	16 Grams	25 Grams	25 Grams	33 Grams	33 Grams	38 Grams
Belt Pack MSRP	\$59.99	\$59.99	\$139.95	\$69.99	\$80.00*	\$95.99	\$69.99
Rearming Kit MSRP	\$9.99	\$9.99	\$25.00 for 3	\$13.99	\$15.00*	\$21.99	\$16.99
Dimensions of Pack L x H x W	10 x 3.5 x 2.25"	24.5 x 3.5 x 2"	16.5 x 2.75 x 2.25"	9.5 x 4.75 x 2.5"	8 x 4.25 x 2.5"	10.5 x 4.75 x 3.25"	8.5 x 5.55 x 3"
Overall Pack Weight	13.4 oz	12.8 oz	17.4 oz	17.0 oz	19.6 oz	22.0 oz	21.8 oz
Rearming and Repacking Test Ratings							
Speed of Repack Rating 1=fastest; 7=slowest	4	1	6	3	2	5	7
Ease of Repack Rating 1=easiest; 7=hardest	3	1	4	1	2	3	5

+ Discontinued

* No MSRP available, average price

Jam cleats can be handy things for quickly adjusting sheets and the like. Wooden ones look better on our traditional small craft and they are easy to make out of scrap hardwood.

I first found scraps of locust waiting for something useful to do. To paraphrase Michelangelo, "You just cut away the parts that don't look like jam cleats." Then I rough sanded and shaped them a little. These shown are "mini" cleats, they will be used for *Anemone's* sheet. I sanded and drilled them for #6 screws, a 5/32" clearance hole from

Making Wooden Jam Cleats

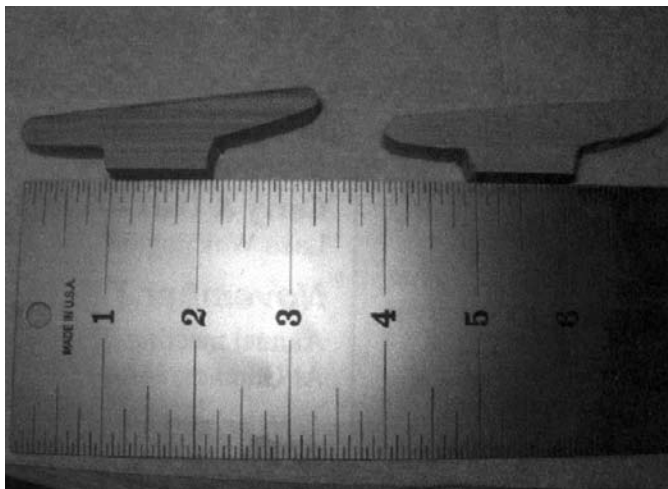
By Larry Feeney, from *TSCA Puget Sound*, Newsletter of the Puget Sound Chapter TSCA

the top through the base. Then they were ready for an oil finish.

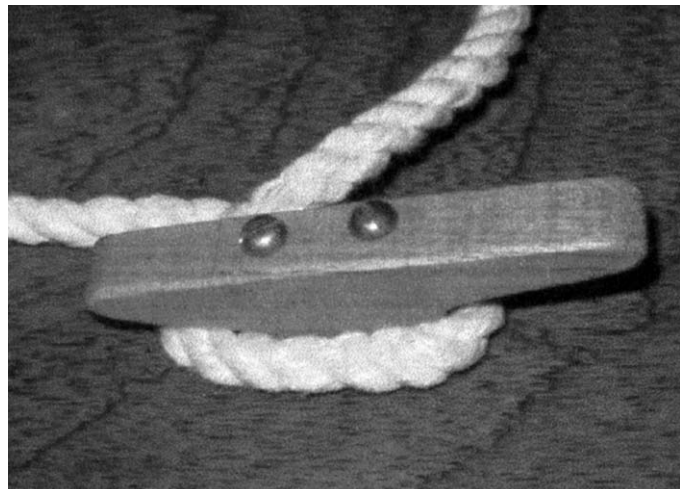
These cleats can, of course, be made in any size desired and out of many different

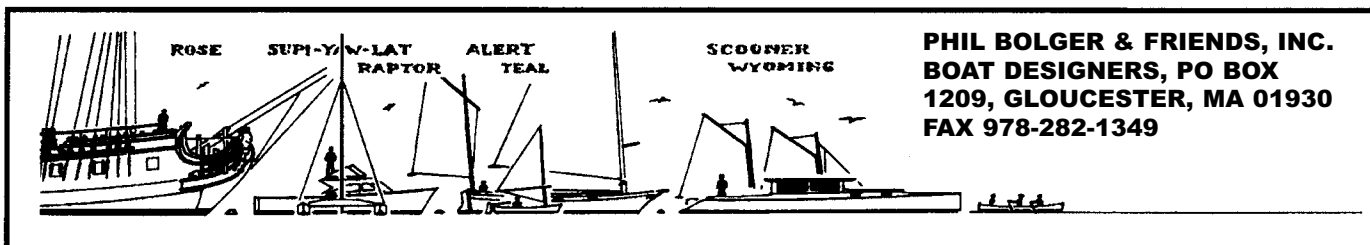
suitable hardwoods, although the denser the wood the better. The depth of the base above the mounting surface can be easily adjusted by sanding or with a block plane to obtain just the right amount of jamming. Oil finish is preferred over varnish, the latter being slick and less likely to grip the line. For the same reason, hard-finished synthetic lines like Dacron and Nylon will be more likely to slip in the cleat than natural materials such as the cotton line illustrated. A hitch can be taken around the longer horn of the cleat when extra security is desired.

Rough cut. These are double the finish thickness and will be sawn in half to form two cleats each/



In use. The line is more secure if a turn is taken around the open side of the cleat before jamming.





A couple from Milan, Italy, called on us to pick up a set of Long Micro plans. We liked them and had a pleasant visit. They showed us photos of the modified Old Shoe they'd built. It was just like the plans except that they'd made it longer and wider, but not higher, than the plans called for and made the bow pointed instead of the designed bow transom, and eliminated the keel (replacing it with a single leeboard), and rearranged the cockpit, and substituted a cat-schooner lug rig for the designed cat-yawl. Susanne commented mildly that it did not look much like an Old Shoe, but in fact it did not look bad. I have no problem with people who want to exercise creativity, especially when, as in this case, their design (not mine, wherever it

Bolger on Design

Old Shoe Cat-Yawl Daysailer

Design #449
11'7" x 5'1" x 1'3", Sail Area 91sf,
Light-load Displacement 820lbs

started!) looks and sails well and made them happy. They did admit that all the changes had slowed up construction a good deal and gave us to understand that they meant to

build the Long Micro strictly to the plans. I hope they do, as I like that design.

Susanne suggested that the Long Micro might not take much longer to build than the Old Shoe if all the time spent thinking up improvements was eliminated. It may help that all the dimensions of the Long Micro are duplicated in metric on the plans, helpful to people who did not grow up thinking that the English or Imperial system is natural.

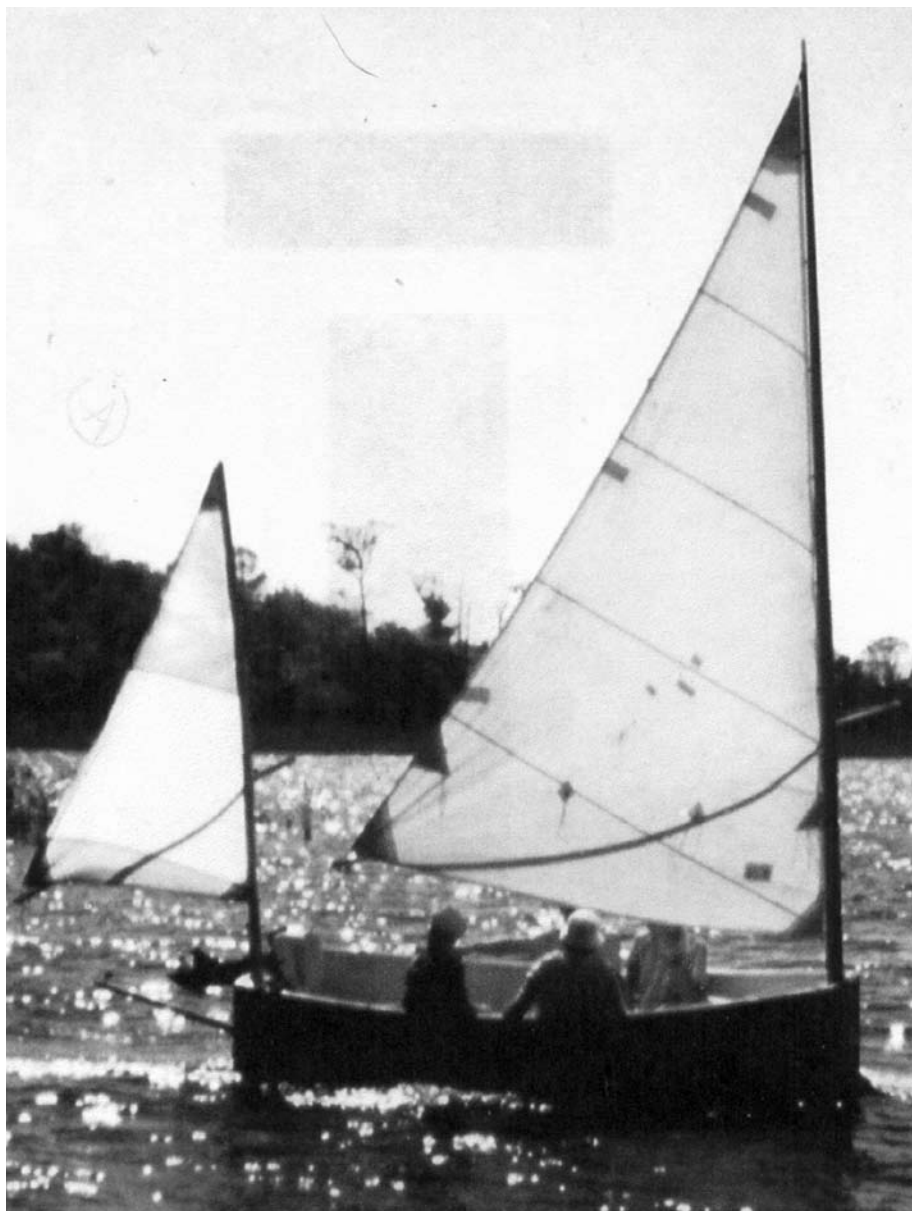
At any rate, the incident drew my attention to the Old Shoe design, which I think is underrated. It's a scaled-down Micro, but not having the cuddly it doesn't have the cuteness of the bigger boat. I haven't had a chance to sail one, but I'm told they have no vices and get around respectably. They're not crowded, or necessarily out of trim, with four people, and the seats are 6'6" long on each side. It wouldn't be hard to tent one in for an overnight cruise though I didn't do any more about this than indicate something like a Bimini top on the sail plan. The design is an obvious candidate for a Birdwatcher top, perhaps a removable one to use in appropriate weather. That would make one heavy-weather capable indeed, they're stiff as designed, with the 200lbs of outside ballast giving a reassuring range of stability.

They're quick to get underway with no standing rigging and minimal running rigging. The inboard rudder allows a handy motor installation. It looks as though it belongs, rather than seeming an awkward makeshift, 3hp is plenty of power.

Construction is straightforward with comparatively easy bends all through. A lot of people don't like the lead casting. It's certainly not something to be casual about, but with care it's not hard. When I was in grade school practically every boy had equipment to cast "lead soldiers." I take it playing with molten lead would cause panic now, but I never got scorched myself or heard of anyone who had. We took care not to spill it in our mothers' kitchens (my grandmother's cooking was still mostly done on a big anthracite range which melted the lead nicely right on top of the coals).

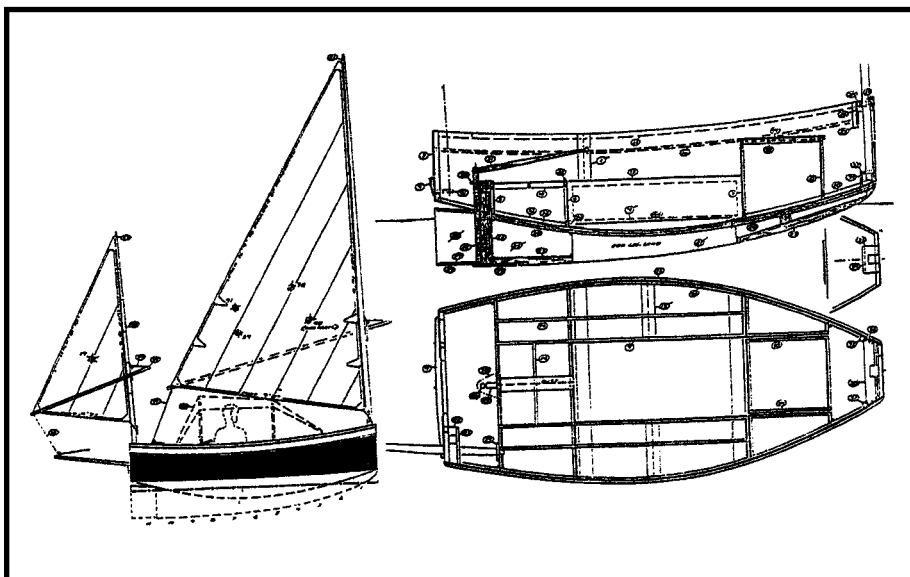
The underrating must be largely due to the fact that it's never been promoted hard. We've had other matters on our minds and the volunteer promoter that is behind most successful one-design classes has not turned up. It seems that among other things these boats would be good for a rental fleet; comfortable, un strenuous, and as close to fool-proof as you can expect in something that has a satisfying performance.

The plans are detailed, on six 17"x22" sheets plus a typed key with all the panels diagrammed for prefabrication (of course, if you change its proportions, all this diagramming no longer works). Plans of Old Shoe, our Design #449, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





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Here is an idea that hardly needs elaboration. Most woodworkers who can carry this idea into reality have the innate knowhow to work out the details. And so this essay can be brief.

Did you ever want to make a ship's steering wheel, one of those traditional ones with the six or eight turned spokes? One you could hang on the wall, make into a lamp or table, or, by gum, actually use on a boat? I dreamed of the latter. I had a boat with a tiller and it had all the virtues that tiller steering is suppose to have; strength, responsiveness, simplicity. But I wanted wheel steering and I wanted to make my own.

But I didn't have a lathe. I did have a drill press, the ordinary Taiwan variety, 36" in overall height, on a makeshift wooden platform and it occurred to me that I might tip it on its side, make a tail-stock for the out-board end, and contrive a steady rest for the turning tool. A half day diddling around making this up and I was ready to go. Without getting into an essay of how to make a ship's wheel, let me say things worked out just fine and I made eight serviceable spokes in oak

How to Use Your Drill Press as a Lathe Without Being a Contortionist

By Val Thompson

and turned out a pretty good, and very strong, 30" wheel. It's on my boat and I feel like Sterling Hayden or Irving Johnson now when I sail.

But to get back to a drill press metamorphosing into a lathe, here are some guidelines. Lay the drill press over so the base is to the right, the drill press supported on both ends on something sturdy. Buy a small bearing at your auto parts store and recess it into a square of oak and glue it in with epoxy. Don't be fussy. Bolt this bearing block to the base of the drill press in line with the drill press chuck.

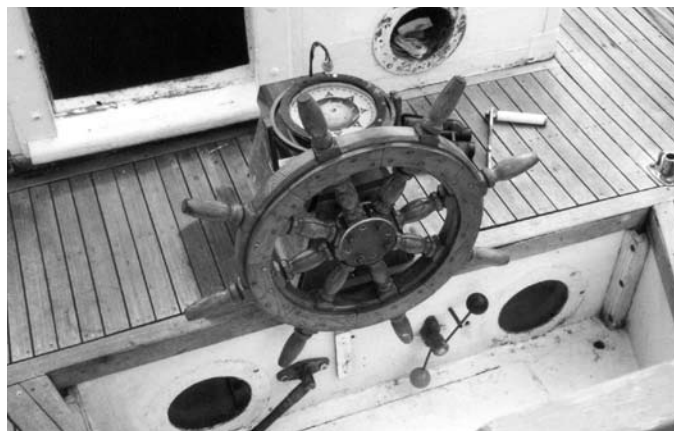
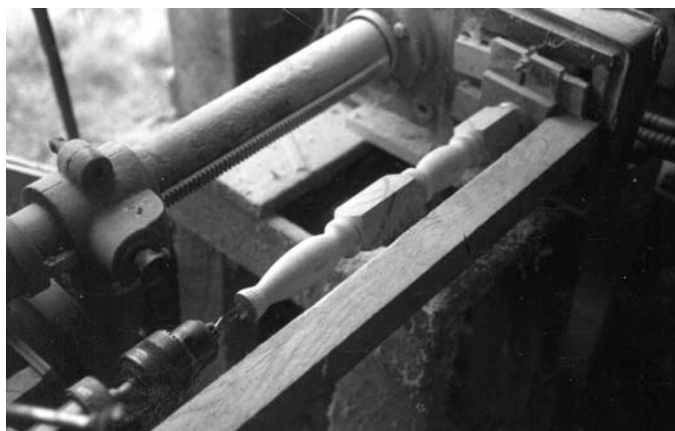
Take a short length of round bar stock (or cut off a piece of a bolt) that one end can be fit nicely into the bearing and grind the opposite end into a conical point. This will

hold the right end of the work piece (the future spoke) and allow it to turn. The left end of the work piece is held into the "head-stock" by shortening the shank of a flat drill bit and fitting into the drill press chuck. The centers of the work piece are found on each end and the work piece is put in position tapped hard against the drill bit and then the tail piece is tightened up hard against the workpiece by the movement of the drill press arm. Lash it or wire the arm so that it keeps lots of pressure on the work piece. Now you can give the work piece a spin manually before a quick application of power.

For a steady rest for the turning tools I simply fastened a length of oak to the drill press stand on the right end and made up a support for the left end. For turning spokes you want to have the steady rest parallel to the work piece. That's about it. Anymore would get into wood turning, something I really don't know anything about. Funny thing, though, after making my steering wheel I never turned out anything else on my "lathe." Maybe I figured I'd quit while I was ahead.

Drill press masquerading as a lathe. Spoke all but completed.

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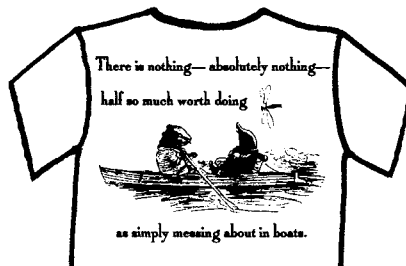
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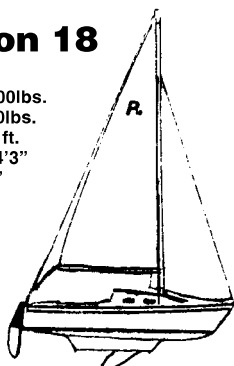
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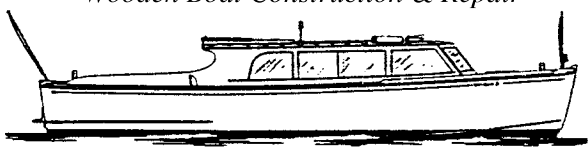


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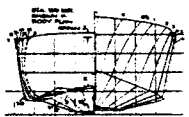
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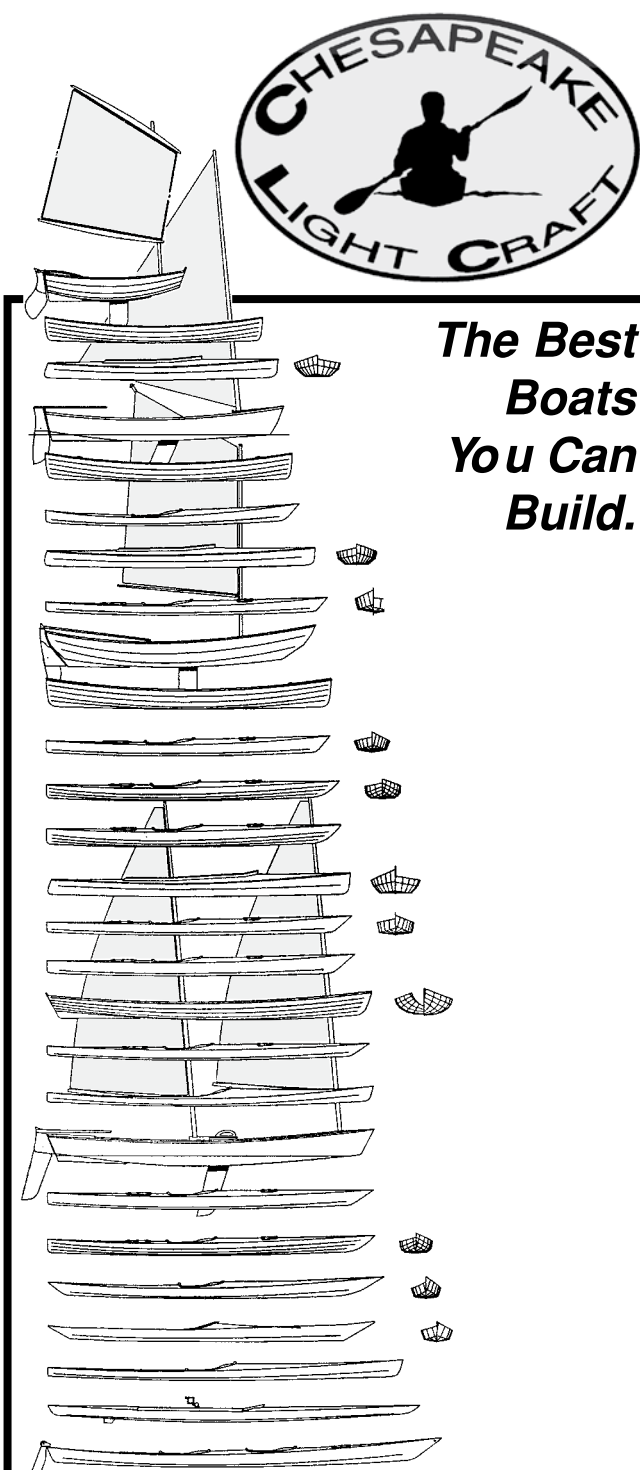
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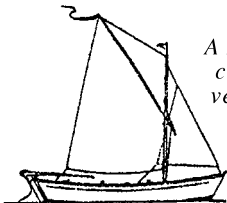
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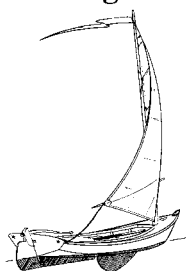
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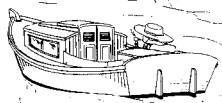
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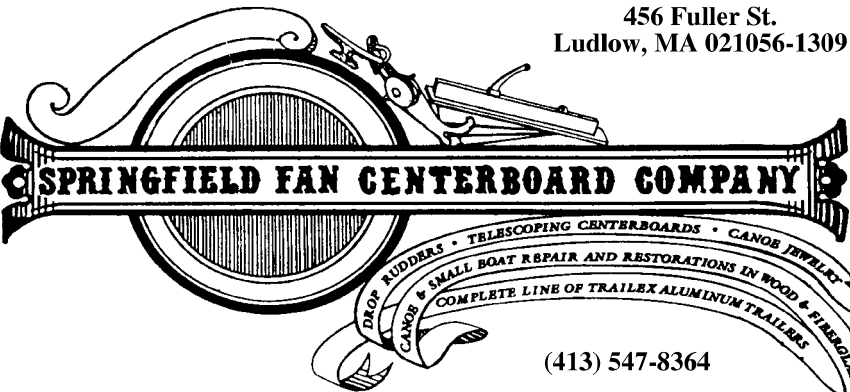
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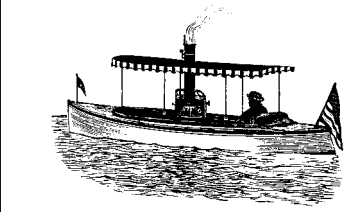
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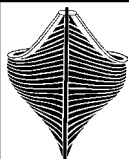
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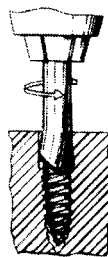
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16' Crawford Swampscott Dory, fg/teak trim w/new 6hp 4 stroke Mercury ob. Lightly used as roving "Window on the Water" one season. Stored covered. Will deliver w/in 50 miles of Ipswich MA. Great hunting, lobstering or just Messin About boat. \$6,600.

CHRIS KAISER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-5220 (11)

14'6" Lincoln Chebeague Kevlar Kayak, vy light only 28lbs. Exc cond used 3 times. Yellow deck, white hull. Incl cockpit cover, paddle, hanging rack. Cost \$2,800, sell for \$1,300. 16' Canadian Cedar/Canvas Canoe, '65 by Rilco Ind Ltd (Richardson). Exc cond, original red paint. Double stems, lap jointed planking, laced rawhide seat. Incl original paddles, backrest. Seldom used, stored indoors. 1st \$1,300 takes it.

ALAN CORNEY, Morristown, NJ, (973) 656-0392, (570) 689-9531 (11)



12' Catboat, Button Swan replica. Blt '03, Atlantic white cedar lapstrake over white oak, bronze fastened. See Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*, pg 243. \$4,500. 15' Catboat, Blt '62 but in vy gd shape. Well maintained. \$1,000. JOHN AMMERMAN, Brick, NJ, (732) 920-4735° (11P)

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33' Herreshoff Meadowlark Ketch, long leaf yellow pine bottom, cedar on oak topsides, Atomic 4 engine. Slps 4. In water ready to sail. \$6,000. DAVID THOMAS, Pawcatuck, CT, (860) 599-2219 or (860) 287-2034 (11)

Perception Sea Lion Kayak, new cond. Kevlar, w/rudder. 17' 3-12" long. Light stable & fast. Incl life vest, whistle, cockpit cover, skirt, 2 paddles (1 carbon fiber, 1 regular) transport roller (rear), cradle (front) for pickup which can be altered for any vehicle, back pack water container, self rescue inflatable for paddle, & water pump. Over \$3,000 invested. Asking \$1,950.

RAY SHUCK, Laurel, DE, (302) 875-9775 (12)

12-1/2' Dyer Daysailer, w/main, jib, spinnaker. Exc cond. Oars & trlr incl. \$3,350. EDWARD R STAGIS, Plainville, CT, (860) 747-0606 (12)



18' Bolger Clam Skiff, center console, 10 yrs old. FG/epoxy over 1/2" fir ply. '89 35hp Mercury never used in salt water. Exc cond, always covered when not in use. \$1,900. STEVE KRZYSKO, Salem, VA, (540) 389-2689 (11)



Free Kleenex, when you buy this boat. **17' Chesapeake Light Craft LT model**. Fast, beautiful, lightweight, professionally built, absolutely perfect, absolutely beautiful. Worth much more, but will sell for \$1,400. Kleenex? You'll need it to wipe your friends' drool off the boat. BILL GREENOUGH, Venice, FL, (941) 408-5138 (12)



You Snooze, You Lose, come & get her before snow flies. **13' Grumman Sailing Canoe**. \$500. JACK BILLINGS, Jay, VT, (802) 988-9961 (12)

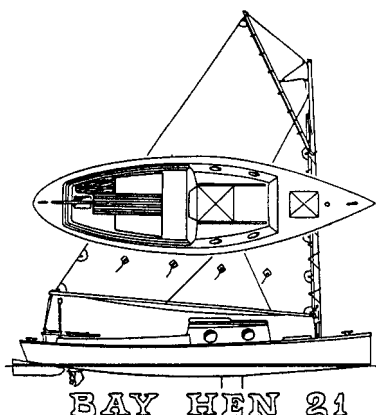


Peapod, circumstances force me to sell my beautiful Peapod built 2 yrs ago in Brooklin, ME by Eric Dow. Rows like a dream, buoyant as a seagull. Equipped for sail, w/cb, mast & sprit rig. Teak rails, thwart & cb cap. Mainsail is unused. Shaw & Tenney oars. As seaworthy a craft as you could ask for. She sits on a beautiful Calkins trlr which cost me several thousand bucks. Whole package yours for \$4,500 obo. I'll deliver in New England within reason (maybe you can meet me halfway). DAVID BINGER, Plainfield, NH, (603) 298-8266 after 10/1 (12)

16' Spindrift Peapod, for row or sail. FG w/mahogany trim. Built to highest standards & in like new cond. A vy able boat that rows & sails well. Incl all sailing equipment, 8' Shaw & Tenney oars & trlr. See <http://members.shaw.ca/spindriftrowboats/index2.html> Asking \$3,000. JON ABORN, Buzzards Bay, MA, (508) 759-9786, Joneaborn@aol.com (12)

Shell Boat 14' Swiftly Sailboat, incl oars, galv trlr & 2hp Honda. Built '00 but used only a few times in fresh water. Essentially brand new. Lapstrake plywood encapsulated in epoxy. Exterior red, deck & seats varnished, remainder of interior cream, all Interlux. \$2,350.

ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462 (12)



'87 Bay Hen 21, exc example of this year, make & model bay cruiser. Beam 6'3". Draft 9"-3'6", wt 900lbs, 175sf sail area. Hinged mast, boom gal-lows, bimini & cockpit enclosure, clean cabin, comfortable cushions, opening ports, VHF, teak cockpit grate & bowsprit. Anchor. Dark blue hull clean & waxed, teak seats. '87 Arrow trlr, spare & tongue jack. Stored under tarp. \$5,500.
JOHN DAY, Cary, NC, (919) 467-4586. (12)

Beetle Cat, sound hull, no broken or sistered ribs. Nds paint, varnish & TLC. Several items nd repair incl 1 pintle, 1 gudgeon, mooring cleat, cb pennant & rubrail. Sail & spars in gd cond. New sail cover & cockpit cover. Trlr. Call for details. \$3,500.
BEE HARVEY, Strafford, NH, (603) 664-5681 (12)

14' Nautiraid Single Folding Kayak, red/black hull. Used 1 or 2 times in fresh water. Absolutely like new. \$1,200.
ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462 (11)

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Klepper Aerius II Frame, in gd or repairable cond.
BRUCE WEIK, Lakeside, CT, (860) 305-8693 (12)

Seaward Fox, Slipper 17 or Sanibel 18, in great cond or fixer-upper. Mid-Atlantic area.
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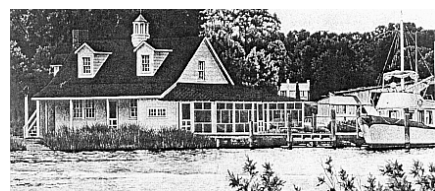
Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecamell@ec.rr.com>

Build the Sea Shell Pram, inexpensive, with plans, materials list & photos. \$45. Progress photos \$3 + SASE.
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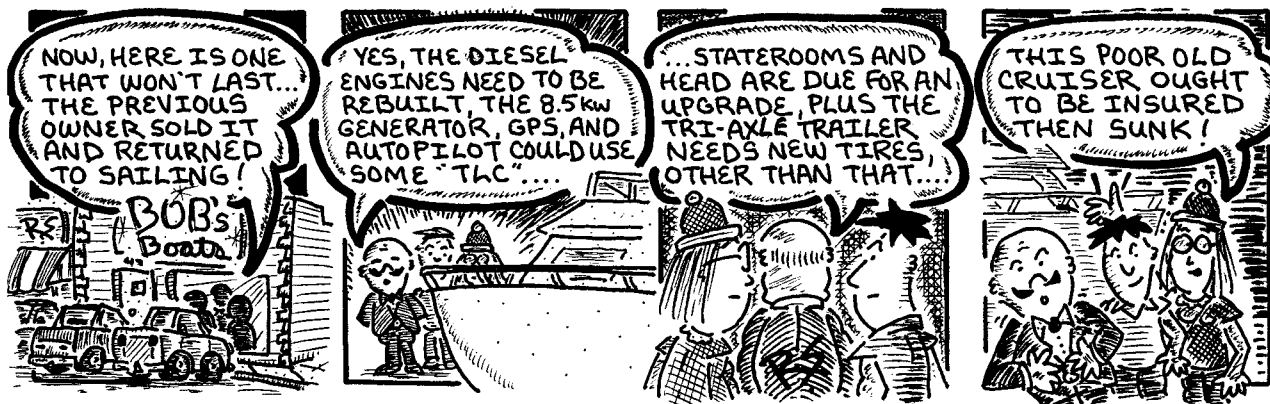
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The photo above was taken by Bob Hicks during the Blackburn Challenge. The going was easy in this portion of the race. Competitors later encountered 6-ft seas. The chair of the race committee, Tom Lawler, later said, "We are ashamed we let that race go on. If we ever have conditions like that again, we are going to cancel the race."

Paul Neil, the man at the oars, has won his class in the Blackburn eight times in a row....something never done by any other competitor in any boat.

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May 28-30 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY
June 18-20 No Octane Regatta, Blue Mtn Lake, NY
June 19-20 Clearwater Festival, Croton, NY
July 16-7 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT
July 29-31 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT
July 30-1 Antique & Classic, Skaneateles, NY
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg, VT
Aug 5-7 Hildene Crafts Festival, Manchester, VT
Aug 5-7 Antique & Classic Clayton NY
Aug 12-4 Art & Crafts Festival, Lake Placid, NY
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Aug 19-21 Adirondack Living, Lake George, NY
Sep 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA

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